

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature and Science.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From Ballantyne's *Novelist's Library*.]

OF the author of this Satire, which, from its resemblance to the *Diable Boiteux*, arranges naturally with those of the author of *Gil Blas*, we can say but little.

CHARLES JOHNSTONE was an Irishman by birth, though it is said a Scotchman by descent, and of the Annandale family. If so, we have adopted the proper orthography, though his name seems to have sometimes been spelt Johnson. He received a classical education; and, being called to the Bar, came to England to practise. Johnstone, like Le Sage—and the coincidence is a singular one—was subject to the infirmity of deafness, an inconvenience which naturally interfered with his professional success;—although, by a rare union of high talents with eloquence and profound professional skill, joined to an almost intuitive acuteness of apprehension, we have, in our time, seen the disadvantage splendidly surmounted. But Johnstone possessed considerable abilities, of which he has left at least one admirable example, in the following pages. His talents were of a lively and companionable sort, and as he was much abroad in the world, he had already, in his youth, kept such general society with men of all descriptions, as enabled him to trace their vices and follies with a pencil so powerful.

Chrysal is said to have been composed at the late Lord Mount Edgecombe's, in Devonshire, during a visit to his lordship. About 1760, the work was announced in the newspapers as "a dispassionate distinct account of the most remarkable transactions of the present times all over Europe." The publication immediately followed, and, possessing at once the allurements of setting forth the personal and secret history of living characters, and that of strong expression and powerful painting, the public attention was instantly directed towards it. A second edition was called for almost immediately, to which the author made several additions, which are incorporated with the original text. But the public avidity being still unsatisfied, the third edition, in 1761, was augmented to four volumes. The author, justly thinking that it was unnecessary to bestow much pains in dovetailing his additional matter upon the original narrative, and conscious that no one was interested in the regular transmission of *Chrysal* from one hand to another, has only connected the Original Work and the Continuation by refer-

ences, which will not be found always either accurate or intelligible,—a point upon which the author seems to have been indifferent.

After this successful effort, Mr. Johnstone published the following obscure and forgotten works:

"*The Reverie; or, a Flight to the Paradise of Fools.*" 2 vols. 12mo. 1762. A satire.

"*The History of Arbaces, Prince of Betlis.*" 2 vols. 12mo. 1774. A sort of political romance.

"*The Pilgrim; or, a Picture of Life.*" 2 vols. 12mo. 1775.

"*The History of John Juniper, Esquire, alias Juniper Jack.*" 3 vols. 12mo. 1781. A romance in low life.

These publications we perused long since, but remember nothing of them so accurately as to induce us to hazard an opinion on their merits.

So late as 1782, twenty years after the appearance of *Chrysal*, Mr. Johnstone went to seek fortune in India, and had the happy chance to find it there, though not without encountering calamity on the road. The Brilliant, Captain Mears, in which he embarked, was wrecked off the Joanna Islands, and many lives lost. Johnstone, with the captain and some others, was saved with difficulty.

In Bengal, Johnstone wrote much for the newspapers, under the signature of Oneiropolos. He became joint proprietor of one of the Bengal newspapers, acquired considerable property, and died about the year 1800; and, as is conjectured, in the 70th year of his age. Most of these facts have been transferred from Mr. Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*.

It is only as the author of what has been termed the Scandalous Chronicle of the time, that Johnstone's literary character attracts our notice. We have already observed, that there is a close resemblance betwixt the plan of *Chrysal* and of the *Diable Boiteux*. In both works, a Spirit, possessed of the power of reading the thoughts, and explaining the motives of mankind, is supposed to communicate to a mortal a real view of humanity, stripping men's actions of their borrowed pretexts and simulated motives, and tracing their source directly to their passions or their follies. But the French author is more fortunate than the English, in the medium of communication he has chosen, or rather borrowed from Guevara. Asmodeus is himself a personage admirably imagined and uniformly sustained, and who entertains the reader as completely by the display of his own character, as by that of any which he anatomizes for the instruction of Don Cleofas. The reader, malicious as he is, conceives even a kind of liking for the Fiend, and is somewhat disconcerted with the idea of his returning to his cabalistic bottle; nay, could we judge of the infernal regions by this single specimen, we might be apt to conceive, with Sancho Panza, that there is some good company to be found even in Hell. *Chrysal*, on the other hand, is a mere elementary spirit, without feeling, passion, or peculiar character, and who only reflects back, like a mirror,

the objects which have been presented to him, without adding to or modifying them by any contribution of his own.

The tracing of a piece of coin into the hands of various possessors, and giving an account of the actions and character of each, is an ingenious medium for moral satire, which, however, had been already employed by Dr. Bathurst, the friend of Johnson, in the *Adventures of a Halfpenny*, which form the forty-third Number of the *Adventurer*, published 3d April, 1753, several years before *Chrysal*.

It is chiefly in the tone of the satire that the *Adventures of Chrysal* differ from those of Le Sage's heroes. We have compared the latter author to Horace, and may now safely rate Charles Johnstone as a prose Juvenal. The Frenchman describes follies which excite our laughter—the Briton produces vices and crimes, which excite our horror and detestation. And, as we before observed that the scenes of Le Sage might, in a moral point of view, be improved by an infusion of more vigour and dignity of feeling, so Johnstone might have rendered his satire more poignant, without being less severe, by throwing more lights among his shades, and sparing us the grossness of some of the scenes which he reprobates. As Le Sage renders vice ludicrous, Johnstone seems to paint even folly as detestable, as well as ridiculous. His Herald and Auctioneer are among his lightest characters; but their determined roguery and greediness render them hateful even while they are comic.

It must be allowed to this caustic satirist, that the time in which he lived, called for such an unsparing and uncompromising censor. A long course of national peace and prosperity had brought with these blessings their usual attendant evils—selfishness, avarice, and gross debauchery. We are not, perhaps, more moral in our conduct, than men were fifty or sixty years since; but modern vice pays a tax to appearances, and is contented to wear a mask of decorum. A Lady H—— and the Pollard Ashe, so often mentioned in Horace Walpole's Correspondence, would not certainly dare to insult decency in the public manner then tolerated; nor would our wildest debauchees venture to imitate the orgies of Medenham Abbey, painted by Johnstone in such horrible colours. Neither is this the bound of our improvement. Our public men are now under the necessity of being actuated, or at least appearing to be so, by nobler motives than their predecessors proposed to themselves. Sir Robert Walpole, who, after having governed so many years by the most open and avowed corruption, amassed for himself a more than princely fortune out of the spoils of the state, would not now be tolerated. The age would not endure the splendours of Houghton. Our late ministers and statesmen have died, almost without an exception, beggared and bankrupt; a sure sign, that if they followed the dictates of ambition, they were at least free from those of avarice: and it is clear that the path of the former may often lie parallel with that prescribed by public virtue, while the

latter must always seduce its votary into the by-way of private selfishness. The general corruption of the ministers themselves, and their undisguised fortunes, acquired by an avowed system of perquisites, carried, in our fathers' times, a corresponding spirit of greed and rapacity into every department, while, at the same time, it blinded the eyes of those who should have prevented spoliation. If those in subordinate offices paid enormous fees to their superiors, it could only be in order to purchase the privilege of themselves cheating the public with impunity. And in the same manner, if commissaries for the army and navy filled the purses of the commanders, they did so only that they might thereby obtain full license to exercise every sort of pillage, at the expense of the miserable privates. We were well acquainted with men of credit and character, who served in the Havannah expedition; and we have always heard them affirm, that the infamous and horrid scenes described in *Chrysal*, were not in the slightest degree exaggerated. That attention to the wants, that watchful guardianship of the rights and interests, of the private soldier and sailor, which in our days do honour to these services, were then totally unknown. The commanders in each service had in their eye the amassing of wealth, instead of the gathering of laurels, as the minister was determined to enrich himself, with indifference to the welfare of his country; and the elder Pitt, as well as Wolfe, were considered as characters almost above humanity, not so much for the eloquence and high talents of the one, or the military skill of the other, as because they made the honour and interest of their country their direct and principal object. They *dared*, to use the classical phrase, to condemn wealth—the statesman and soldier of the present day would, on the contrary, not *dare* to propose it to himself as an object.

The comparative improvement of our manners, as well as of our government, is owing certainly, in a great measure, to more general diffusion of knowledge and improvement of taste. But it was fostered by the private virtues and patriotism of the late venerated Monarch. The check which his youthful frown already put upon vice and license, is noticed in *Chrysal* more than once; and the disgrace of more than one minister, in the earlier part of his reign, was traced pretty distinctly to their having augmented their private fortunes, by availing themselves of their political information to speculate in the funds. The abuses in public offices have, in like manner, been restrained, the system of perquisites abolished, and all means of indirect advantage interdicted, as far as possible, to the servants of the public. In the army and navy the same salutary regulations have been adopted; and the Commander-in-chief has proved himself the best friend to his family and country, in cutting up by the roots these infectious cankers, which gnawed our military strength, and which are so deservedly stigmatized in the caustic pages of *Chrysal*.

In Johnstone's time this reform had not commenced, and he might well have said, with such an ardent temper as he seems to

have possessed, *Difficile est satyram non scribere*. He has accordingly indulged his bent to the utmost; and as most of his characters were living persons, then easily recognised, he held the mirror to nature, even when it reflects such horrible features. His language is firm and energetic—his power of personifying character striking and forcible, and the persons of his narrative move, breathe, and speak, in all the freshness of life. His sentiments are, in general, those of the bold, high-minded, and indignant censor of a loose and corrupted age; yet it cannot be denied, that Johnstone, in his hatred and contempt for the more degenerate vices, of ingratitude, avarice, and baseness of every kind, shows but too much disposition to favour Churchill and other libertines, who thought fit to practise open looseness of manners, because they said it was better than hypocrisy. It is true, such vices may subsist along with very noble and generous qualities; but as all profligacy has its root in self-gratification and indulgence, it is always odds that the weeds rise so fast as to choke the slower and nobler crop.

The same indulgence to the usual freedoms of a town life, seems to have influenced Johnstone's dislike to the Methodists, of whose founder, Whitefield, he has drawn a most odious and a most unjust portrait. It is not quite the province of the Editor of a book of professed amusement, to vindicate the tenets of a sect which holds almost all amusement to be criminal, but it is necessary to do justice to every one. The peculiar tenets of the Methodist are, in many respects, narrow and illiberal—they are also enthusiastical, and, acting on minds of a certain temperament, have produced the fatal extremities of spiritual presumption, or spiritual despair. But to judge as we would desire to be judged, we must try their doctrine, not by those points in which they differ, but by those in which they agree with all other Christians; and if we find that the Methodists recommend purity of life, strictness of morals, and a regular discharge of the duties of society, are they to be branded as hypocrites because they abstain from its amusements and its gaieties? Were the number of the Methodists to be multiplied by an hundred, there would remain enough behind to fill the theatres and encourage the fine arts. Respecting the remarkable person by whom the sect was founded, posterity has done him justice for the calumnies with which he was persecuted during his life, and which he bore with the enduring fortitude of a confessor. The poverty in which Whitefield died, proved his purity of heart, and refuted the charge so grossly urged, of his taking a selfish interest in the charitable subscriptions which his eloquence promoted so effectually. His enthusiasm—for Providence uses, in accomplishing great ends, the imperfections as well as the talents of his creatures—served to awaken, to a consciousness of their deplorable state, thousands, to whose apathy and ignorance a colder preacher might have spoken in vain; and perhaps even the Church of England herself has been less impaired by the schism, than benefited by the effects of emulation upon her learned clergy. In a word, if Cowper's

portrait of Whitefield has some traits of flattery, it still approaches far more near to the original than the caricature of Johnstone :

He loved the world that hated him—the tear
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life ;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
Were followed well in him, and well transcribed.

We think these remarks necessary to justice, in the preface to a work in which this memorable individual is so deeply charged. They can hardly be imputed to any other motive, since those likely to be gratified by this vindication cannot very consistently seek for it in this place. But readers of a different description may do well to remember, that the cant of imputing to hypocrisy all pretensions to a severer scale of morals, or a more vivid sense of religion, is as offensive to sound reason and Christian philosophy, as that which attaches a charge of guilt to matters of indifference, or to the ordinary amusements of life.

We would willingly hope that several of Johnstone's other characters, if less grossly calumniated than Whitefield, are at least considerably overcharged. The first Lord Holland was a thoroughbred statesman of that evil period, and the Earl of Sandwich an open libertine; yet they also had their lighter shades of character, although *Chrysal* holds them up to the unmitigated horror of posterity. The same may be said of others; and this exaggeration was the more easy, as Johnstone does not pretend that the crimes imputed to these personages were all literally committed, but admits that he invented such incidents as he judged might best correspond to the idea which he had formed of their character; thus rather shaping his facts according to a preconceived opinion, than deducing his opinion from facts which had actually taken place.

The truth is, that, young, ardent, and bold, the author seems to have caught fire from his own subject, to have united credulity in belief with force of description, and to have pushed praise too readily into panegyric, while he exaggerated censure into reprobation. He every where shows himself strongly influenced by the current tone of popular feeling; nay, unless in the case of Wilkes, whose simulated patriotism he seems to have suspected, his acuteness of discrimination seldom enables him to correct public opinion. The Bill for the Naturalization of the Jews had just occasioned a general clamour, and we see *Chrysal* not only exposing their commercial character in the most odious colours, but reviving the ancient and absurd fable of their celebrating the Feast of the Passover by the immolation of Christian infants. With the same prejudiced credulity he swallows, without hesitation, all the wild and inconsistent charges which were then heaped upon the order of the Jesuits, and which occasioned the general clamour for their suppression.

On the other hand, because it was the fashion to represent the continental war, which had for its sole object the protection of the Electorate of Hanover, as waged in defence of the Protestant religion, Johnstone has dressed up the selfish and atheistical Frederick of Prussia in the character of the Protestant hero, and put into his mouth a prayer adapted to the character of a self-devoted Christian soldier, who drew his sword in the defence of that religion which was enshrined in his own bosom. This is so totally out of all keeping and character, that one can scarce help thinking that the author has written, not his own sentiments, but such as were most likely to catch the public mind at the time.

But, feeling and writing under the popular impression of the moment, Johnstone has never failed to feel and write like a true Briton, with a sincere admiration of his country's laws, an ardent desire for her prosperity, and a sympathy with her interests, which more than atone for every error and prejudice. He testifies on many occasions his respect for the House of Brunswick, and leaves his testimony against the proceedings first commenced by Wilkes, and so closely followed by imitators of that unprincipled demagogue, for the purpose of courting the populace by slandering the throne. It is remarkable, that notwithstanding his zeal for King George and the Protestant religion, the Jacobite party, though their expiring intrigues might have furnished some piquant anecdotes, are scarcely mentioned in *Chrysal*.

A key to the personages introduced to the reader in *Chrysal*, was furnished by the author himself to Lord Mount Edgecombe, and another to Captain Mears, with whom he sailed to India. It is published by Mr. William Davis, in his collection of *Bibliographical and Literary Anecdotes*, with this caveat:—"The author's intention was to draw general characters; therefore, in the application of the Key, the reader must exercise his own judgment." The Key is subjoined to the text, with a few additional notes, illustrative of such incidents and characters as properly belong to history or to public life. Anecdotes of private scandal are willingly left in the mystery in which the text has involved them; and some instances occur, in which the obvious misrepresentations of the satirist have been modified by explanation. But when all exaggeration has been deducted from this singular work, enough of truth will still remain in *Chrysal*, to incline the reader to congratulate himself, that these scenes have passed more than half a century before his time.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MEMORY—SUGGESTIONS AGAINST THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF IT.

"Refricare obductam cicatricem!"—CICERO.

MR. EDITOR,—THE attention with which you have been pleased to favour one or two slight communications of mine, and the

avowed hostility of your Magazine to humbug, in whatever shape it presents itself, encourages me to trespass once more, just for the twenty-thousandth part of a minute, upon your attention.

Sir, in looking over the *Times* newspaper at breakfast yesterday morning, I found among the advertisements, which are commonly the most entertaining articles in that journal—Sir, among medicines puffed for curing peoples' colds, and long bills, asking them to Vauxhall Gardens—eulogies upon iron coffins, and verses in praise of the new fish-sauce—remarks upon the increased facility of going up in air-balloons, and tables (*raisonnée*) of the reduced rates of life insurance—I found staring me in the face from the very head of the paper, between a list of the prices of the Patent washing company, and a project for lighting the streets of Naples with natural gas from Mount Vesuvius, a new system advertised of mnemonics, calculated, "in a most extraordinary degree, to facilitate the operations of the human memory."

Now, really, sir, a proposal to increase the powers of memory, when all the world stands agreed that there is nothing in the world worth remembering, does seem, upon the face of it, to be the absurdest speculation that ever idle capital and active cupidity gave rise to. Just like a long opposition speech made in Parliament—so much trouble taken for trouble's sake. But I will go farther still upon the question, and—setting aside Mr. Rogers's poetry—and poetry, as somebody or other very justly observes somewhere, proves nothing on the way of principle—setting aside Samuel Rogers, and his seduction, I will put it to any man who is not a saint, and holds himself bound to speak the truth, whether his memory, nine times in ten that he employs it, is not a source of uneasiness to him, rather than of gratification?

For where, *par exemple*, can be the delight of a man's ascertaining (upon reflection) that he is an ass;—that is, becoming convinced, that (under given circumstances) he did something which nobody but a donkey could have thought of doing;—or that he omitted, on the other hand, to do something which no soul, with the brains even of a donkey, could have failed to do?

Who is there that would desire, two months after his marriage, to call to mind all the silly things which he said and did in the two months before it; or what lawyer will wish to bethink him, three days after his client has been hanged, of a point which would (three days before) have put fifty more pounds in his pocket, by a motion in arrest of judgment?

Who cares to have his present poverty embittered by the recollection that he has been rich; or, *vice versa*, to remember, when he sits in a coach, that he once rode behind one? What boots it to have a very accurate perception that one is just fifty-three years of age? That it was in this or that particular *annum* that one got the wooden spoon at Oxford? Of the exact dress in which we were presented at court, when we took the footman for the lord in waiting? Of our being rejected by the famous Miss "Any-body,"—

and of the pun against us that delighted "every-body" so much at the time?

Cultivate a memory—I say, cultivate a fiddlestick! Why should a man be unto himself an index of his past misfortunes? Why should he contumaciously recollect the sword that got between his legs in the day of the review—the nonsense that he talked "when he was so drunk on the night of Lord What's-his-name's election"—the mode (in detail) in which his mistress jilted him—the second occasion when he was bullied by a sharper—the nickname which he had at school—or the point at which he broke down on his first speech in Parliament?

And then, if this be all that can be gained from nursing our own memories,—how much less still can we benefit by assisting those of others! No one can ever have hoped, I presume, so to change the nature of the registering faculty, as to make it retentive of men's honours, rather than of their blunders and misdeeds; and on what principle, therefore, cherish that faculty in our neighbour, which, of all his personal attributes, is the most impertinent? Why bribe people, after we are lord-mayor, to point out the shop in which we lived "Porter" when we first came to town? Why help the man out who met us once dining at an eating-house; or the old woman who used to dun us for rent when we lodged in the garret? In fact—as a proof that I am right—with all the value that people pretend to set on this quality, memory—buying up chronological tables, and taking notes and dates down in the Encyclopedia, or on the margin of the Family Bible—what is more usual, in every tolerable society, than to meet with the most direct and positive waivers of the faculty? How few of the unmarried ladies one meets with now-a-days can remember any occurrence prior to the year 1790, or 1792? A very large proportion omit (advisedly) that which passed in the last century altogether. What is more common than to find a Parliamentary leader, protesting on Tuesday morning that he never uttered a word of what every body heard him say on Monday night; or to hear an orator at a reform meeting vomiting follies (*verbatim*) for the ninety-ninth time, and fancying all the while that he is spitting them for the first?

Why, what is all this but giving the cut direct to memory?—and right and convenient enough too; but then people should be aware of what they are doing.

What could have been more ill-timed than that *souvenir* of the witness on the Northern Circuit the other day, about Mr. Scarlett's father being a perfumer, and living in Red-lion passage? How constitutional would not the same gentleman's speech, and *petit* John Williams's too, have sounded against the "County Courts" Bill, but for our recollecting that the one was to lose two thousand a-year, and the other perhaps five hundred, by its success? I heard a literary man, the other day—very eminent—asked if he had read Lady Morgan's Italy;—the answer was—that he had not—"for fear he might recollect any portion of it."

Why, I might quote moral principle in support of my argument here, but that I think the case stands strong enough without it. For is it not written, that we shall "Forgive our injuries?" And has not that very mandate been generalized into the precept—"Forget and forgive"—simply because it was evident that a man could not "forgive" his injuries until after he had "forgot" them? And, moreover, does not the very original *dictum* itself inculcate the advantage of oblivion universally—because we all know that a man can't possibly forget his injuries, unless he first forgets every thing else? Nay, I'll tickle ye for a logician, Mr. North, though you are at the head of the school, I confess.

All this, however, as I said just now, need not be said at all—(here's rhetoric for you as well as logic)—because enough can be said without it. The cause of oblivion—here I take my stand—is mine; and, if any man will deny it with me, "for a thousand marks," "let him lend me the money, and—have at him!" How constantly we hear people complaining—"How old the jokes are," &c.—every time that a new comedy comes out. Why, this is compound mischief (retrospective)—arising, first, out of their own unseasonable recollections, and, again, out of the too retentive disposition of the author.

Memory—nothing else—it is memory that does all the mischief in the world! The wandering Jew has been detected over and over again by his ill-timed accuracy about past events—as the colour of the small clothes which King Solomon wore on his coronation day—the way in which pigs were roasted in the kitchen of Pontus Pilate, &c. &c.—not recollecting the maxim—so true it is, as I observed in my beginning, that the best memories never recollect any thing which ought to be recollected—not recollecting that admirable maxim—*non plus sapere quam oportet sapere*, which (especially in the front of all "witness boxes") ought to be written in letters of gold. On the one hand, how often does the mere semi-recognition of a face draw one into accosting perhaps a tailor that one owes a hundred pounds to? On the other, how delightful it would be—not only if you could totally forget your Schneider—but if your Schneider could totally forget you?—The same advantage would apply to most of our acquaintance forgetting us—our friends always do, as it is.

Why should reminiscences continue to fleet across men's minds—like momentary aberrations of intellect, or mid-day night-mares—of things that one has read (by surprise) in the Examiner Newspaper—or The Liberal—or the Liber Amoris—things that one would take such great care (if one could once get rid of the idea of them) never to read again? And, *per contra*, how delightful if one could forget all that has been done by Scott or Byron, [or in Blackwood's Magazine,] so that, as they can't publish fast enough to content our appetite, we might read all they have published over again as new?

I must beg you to apply one moment's thought to this matter,

Mr. North—since I cannot presume myself to trouble you at much length upon it; for it seems to me that all the world (I don't exaggerate) stands interested in the discussion. Forget! what would not Mr. Leigh Hunt give that your letters from Z, or from the "washerwoman," could be forgotten? What sacrifice would not Lord Nugent make that we cease to recollect Mr. Canning, and the story of the Falmouth coach? What would not Lord John Russell give to forget having written "Don Carlos!" What would not his friends give to forget having cut the book open!—What would not the *côté gauche*, as a body, give to forget all its own prophecies for the last ten years! And what would not people on all sides give to forget the right and left commendations, that they get, every time he rises, from that admirable lawyer and politician, Sir James Mackintosh!

Then, when I think what advantages, of another description still, might accrue to the public and to individuals from a ceasing to remember!—See how it would bar prosing—to begin with;—a man who has no memory *can't* bring his great uncles and grandfathers upon you.

One stands pretty safe against invention, because, even where it exists, it is slow in its operations; but can there be a sentence pronounced upon a sinner—what is the Tread Mill—what is a speech upon Parliamentary Reform, from such a man as Hobhouse—to the being shut up with a rogue who has the tales of other days upon his hands—recollects the American war—the French Revolution—or the riots of "Eighty!" I speak perhaps with some personal feeling upon this point, for I had an uncle once who could describe Garrick the actor! He had a friend, too, that had known Charles Fox, and another who had seen General Washington! And there was a third—this was the wretch of all!—who had almost fourteen of Sheridan's published jokes by heart, which he used to say over every day after dinner—and never miss one—as if he had laid a wager that he would drive me into a mad-house.

Here again, the uncertainty to which I have before adverted of the best memories appears; the very same man who most vigorously recollects any particular story, invariably forgets how often he has told it. But, by getting rid of the retentive faculty nearly, or altogether, see how much of this visitation would, of necessity, be escaped! Stories would be told but seldom:—here is Potosi gained in half a sentence. Such stories as were still told could hardly by possibility ever be told twice in the same way:—so, much of the *ennui* which, proverbially, attaches to second relations, would be got over.

Again, the explosion of mnemonics would go so very greatly to bring speaking the truth into fashion! Men must lie in the very teeth of the adage who lied with the consciousness of the weakness of their own memories—which would tend to a most important reform in the "memorials" of "ill-used persons," as well as in the orations and appeals written and delivered to the world in their

behalf. And this would not be an advantage confined, as some advantages (the advantage of a man being hanged, for instance) are, to the separate body of community, but it is one in which the individual himself would abundantly share; for the uncertainty of recollection, even under the most favourable circumstances, I think I have demonstrated; and there is no practice so apt as lying to induce men to trust his powers in the way of memory.

In brief, Mr. Editor, I am induced to throw out these hints, (upon which, perhaps some of your other correspondents may think it worth while to improve,) because an individual of very considerable merit is about to bring forward the question of memory, in a new way. This party is of opinion—as I am—that the world labours under a decided misapprehension upon the subject;—that the advantages to be derived from recollecting matters bears no comparison to that which would result from losing sight of them; and that the same view of things might very properly be made general, which has denominated the highest act of Royal mercy and beneficence, an act “of Oblivion.” For the purpose of bringing this question fully forward, and to illustrate the possibility of what he wishes to accomplish, my friend proposes, in the course of the present summer, to make some very curious experiments upon his own memory. The Lyceum Theatre is engaged, and “due notice,” in the theatrical phrase, will be given of the time and nature of the performance, which is expected to carry the art of wanting recollection farther than it has ever gone before.

Among many extraordinary feats, too numerous to mention, the Professor will forget his own name—the place of his birth, and all the principal events of his life—with an almost unconceivable precision. He will afterwards declare three half crowns to be fourteen and sixpence; and conclude by absolutely “forgetting” himself, and imagining that he is one of the company! To prevent all doubt as to the genuine character of the exhibition (as well as to warrant the public in giving him its support) the performer will declare, beforehand, that he is not a Whig; and the answers will be given upon oath.

T. S.

FROM KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MIRABEAU.

HONORE-GABRIEL RIQUETTI DE MIRABEAU was born at BIGNON, near the town of Nemours, on the 9th of March, 1749. His father was Philippe, or, according to others, Victor Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau; his mother Louise Riquet de Caraman, grand-daughter of Riquet, the constructor of the canal of Languedoc.

He lived forty-two years, in which period he underwent every species of persecution, was accused of every sort of crime, thrown into prison seventeen times by virtue of as many lettres-de-câchet.

procured chiefly by his own father, tried, condemned, exiled, executed in effigy. He tasted the sweetness and the bitterness of every individual stream which flows from the fountain of human passion; he gave the immediate impulsion to a mighty revolution; he created and directed the dominant opinions of twenty-five millions of men for two years together, by the single magic of intellectual superiority; he was hated, and feared, and courted by antagonist factions; he triumphed over every obstacle, and avenged himself of every enemy; he died an exhausted debauchee, a professed Atheist, amidst the tears and groans of thousands, in the bosom of an immense popularity; and representative France bore him the first to his tomb within that splendid monument, which she had raised in gratitude to the lovers of their country!

France has not equalled England in poetry, science, or philosophy; but in nothing has she come so far short of this island as in political knowledge and in political virtue. In contact with Hampden and Lord Chatham, Mirabeau is nothing; the moral grandeur of their characters is not even understood by Frenchmen. Indeed we have no right to make the comparison, or at least to draw conclusions from it unfavourable to either party. The efforts of scientific men of different countries may be estimated because there exists a common rule by which to measure them; but political science, if not in its fundamental principles, yet certainly in the process of superstructure and in the details of administration, is a thing confined by bounds of time and place, and receives its colour and habit, its form and pressure, from national facts and from national circumstances. Every thing therefore that is not within the direct reach and agency of an immutable principle may be affected by external relations; a line of administrative policy may be as right in one country as it would be wrong in another; and political forces may be equally powerful as applied to different objects, although very disproportionate if actually brought into mutual collision. Statesmen are in one point of view actors on a more extended stage; they may gain an equal ascendancy over their respective audiences, although they may approach at unequal distances some common standard of abstract perfection, if such were to be found: Garriek and Talma have no doubt different claims to the merit of strict excellence, yet are they each of them incontestably the Roscius of his country. No man ever mastered the reason and the passion of all classes of people with such certainty and such steadiness as Mirabeau: he led a mob or an assembly by different means, but with equal facility; he wielded the democracy with one hand, and could and would, if time had been given him, have wielded the aristocracy with the other; he hit his countrymen between wind and water; he was for a season the intellectual dictator of France.

A man gifted with great natural talents, possessed practically of almost every kind of knowledge, stimulated by a passionate temper and an ambitious spirit, was, during the twenty years imme-

diately preceding the meeting of the States-General, driven, as it were, by moral necessity to add himself to the mighty and still increasing multitude of those who afterwards effected the Revolution. By a fatality exactly parallel to that observable in the times of Charles I., the vices of the French government had become more and more outrageous in proportion as the nation grew more enlightened in detecting and more sensitive in resenting their consequences. The march of public opinion from the Regency had been regular; from the accession of Louis XVI. it had been rapid: the American war gave it a tone of republicanism, and the notorious embarrassment in the finances opened a theatre for its operation. Approaches were made through the doors of the treasury; the executive system was reconnoitred and invested; its real weakness was discovered to bear an inverse relation to its apparent omnipotence; the probable resistance was such as to excite enthusiasm and to enhance the glory of success; the conquest itself was certain, and the spoils both for individuals and for the nation beyond calculation immense. Mirabeau participated in these speculations to the fullest extent; he had lived in England, read the English history, and studied the English constitution; he was profuse and wanted wealth; he was ambitious and coveted power; he was vain and panted after renown. But Mirabeau had also injuries to revenge; the most golden years of his life he had wasted away in prisons, a victim sometimes to his own crimes, but more frequently to the unnatural persecution of a peevish father: he had meditated deeply on the iniquity of a system which authorized such tyranny, and he had inflicted two severe blows upon it by the publication of his *Essai sur le Despotisme*, and his work *Sur les Lettres-de-Câchet*. He lived to destroy both the one and the other. It cannot be doubted but that much of his political conduct at the close of his career was the result of the indignant animosity, which the gloomy walls of a dungeon had cherished in his youthful breast; and M. Bodin is harsh but substantially correct, when he says, that Mirabeau was "enthousiaste de la liberté, puisqu'il avait du génie; ambitieux, parcequ'il était corrompu; ennemi implacable de l'arbitraire, parcequ'il avait été à la Bastille."

But it was not alone in denouncing the depravities of a decrepit and profligate government that Mirabeau employed his powerful pen, and endeavoured to animate the solitude of a prison. The future leader of the National Assembly was the most successful of lovers and the most accomplished of correspondents; the *Lettres à Sophie* are dated from the donjon of Vincennes. They are eloquent, lascivious, sophistical, without the finished elegance of Rousseau, but more vigorous and more true to the workings of unregenerate nature. It is a matter of some interest to see the style of decency which had become ordinary in the intercourse of French society; it is true, Madame de Monnier was now the mistress of Mirabeau; yet it is difficult to understand how a man of rank could write letters which are actually obscene, to a beautiful and intellectual wo-

man of the same quality, who asks him questions about natural religion, and Young's Night Thoughts. Some of these epistles are of the stamp of those in the *Liaisons Dangereuses*. Others contain in the midst of the most deliberate efforts of a corrupting sophistry, remarks which show that their author had probed the weaknesses and the subtleties of the human heart to their lowest depth. "L'amour et l'amitié," says he, "s'excluent l'un l'autre." Again, "Il est des pertes auxquelles on ne doit pas s'accoutumer; et lorsqu'on ne peut plus faire tout le bonheur de ce qu'on aime, on en doit faire le malheur: disons la vérité même, on le veut; et ce sentiment délicat, quoiqu'on en puisse dire, est dans la nature d'un tendre amour. Il est vrai, il est très-vrai, très-exact, que dans une grande passion, on aime sa maîtresse ou son amant plus que soi-même, mais non pas plus que leur amour; on peut tout sacrifier—que dis-je? on désire tout sacrifier, excepté la tendresse de l'objet aimé!" The following passage is in every sense, both bad and good, worthy of Rousseau. The Marchioness had expressed some scruples as to the nature of her connexion with Mirabeau; there was double adultery in the case, and she felt uneasy at the possible judgment of the world upon the morality of her conduct. Her lover reassures her thus: "L'amour, s'il n'est extrême, est honteux et coupable. L'honneur proscriit tout plaisir qui n'est point appelé par la passion, comme une honteuse lubricité; mais jamais le sentiment n'est lascif, et la femme la plus chaste peut être très-voluptueuse, si elle aime. Je l'ai dit mille fois: jouir n'est pas corrompre. O ma charmante amie! la vertu ressemble aussi peu à ce qu'on nomme ordinairement ainsi, qu'au vice même; la véritable vertu ne dépend point du caprice des mortels, des illusions fanatiques, des diverses spéculations des moralistes, des dogmes, des rites, des temps, des lieux, des sexes; elle consiste dans un cœur droit, sensible, sincère, et dans l'exercice de toutes ses facultés. L'honneur prescrit à une femme de n'avoir qu'un amant, de se respecter en lui, d'être fidèle à ses sermens, incapable de légèreté, et même en ce sens d'inconstance. L'honneur proscriit tout plaisir auquel l'amour ne préside pas; mais lorsque la sensibilité aiguise les sens, pourquoi réproverions-nous les mouvemens impérieux de la nature? les sensations sont-elles moins son ouvrage que les sentimens?"

At least therefore the advocate of such a theory of honourable love was faithful, devoted, in earnest—hear his profession:—"Jamais parjure ne souilla ma bouche; jamais l'idée de te tromper ne déshonora mon âme. Tout ce que je t'ai dit de mon amour, tout ce que je t'en ai caché, tout ce que tu en as senti, tout ce que tu en as deviné, est également vrai, profond, inaltérable, éternel; il survivra à mes forces, à mes désirs, et les délires de mon imagination ne sont que ton moindre triomphe. Crois-tu que ce soit une femme ordinaire qui ait remporté sur moi une pareille victoire?" Poor Sophie! she believed, and where is the woman who would not have believed, the sincerity of such language; she thought no perfidy

of a man for whom she had thrown away her honour, her fortune, her rank, her liberty, and regretted not the sacrifice. Yet Sophie was deceived; her lover was not true; the wife of the governor of the château, and a French princess, who subsequently met with a bloody end in the tempests of the Revolution, shared his heart at this very time; he wrote similar letters to each of them, made similar protestations of ardent attachment, and probably was equally believed by them. But time was still heavy on his hands, and he dived deeper for further entertainment; besides, he wanted money to purchase the commonest necessities of life; his stockings had no feet; his coat was in rags, and he had but one pair of breeches. He compiled an encyclopedia of obscenity; in it he recorded every species of development of lust; he described every modification of practical impurity, which the brutal propensities and perverted imaginations of man have invented, and he published this book under the title of *Erotica-Biblion*—as if love had aught in common with such nameless abominations! as if love, the manifestation of every energy, the enkindling of every virtue, the consummation of human being, could breathe the same air, could co-exist in the same space with that foul spirit which hardens the heart, which narrows the intellect, which debases the conscience!

*Ergone tam nihil est Hymenæi pura voluptas,
Commixtæque animæ, et sincerum nectar Amoris!**

In December, 1780, Mirabeau recovered his liberty, and went to reside with his father. Sophie was still a prisoner, with no hope of release but in the courage and dexterity of her lover. He did not fail her; he procured an impression of the keys of the convent; false ones were made and conveyed to the unwilling nun: the hour was fixed for her escape, and he was stationed near the walls of the building to ensure her safety afterwards; but in vain: the plan was discovered, the abbess warned, Sophie arrested in the act of flight, and Mirabeau himself had scarcely time to secure himself by a precipitate retreat. He now tried another mode, and it was that in which he was most calculated to succeed. He was under sentence of death for contumacy, as the ravisher of *Madame de Monnier*. He went to Pontarlier to purge the contumacy, and renew the cause. He doubted the event; and before he went into court, asked Sophie for a ringlet of her hair, shared with her a rapid poison, and fastened both one and the other in a little bag upon his heart. He defended himself with such unexpected energy, and with such seductive eloquence, that he intimidated his antagonists, softened his audience, and interested his judges; and in the end compelled his enemies to enter into a humiliating compromise with him; the terms of which were, that the prosecution should be quashed, Mirabeau and Sophie be free and secure, and

* One of Mirabeau's friends wrote to him thus:—"La nécessité ne doit point obliger un homme à se manquer de respect à lui-même, et ce n'est pas du poison qu'il faut vendre pour avoir du pain."

M. le Marquis de Monnier pay all the costs, charges, and expenses of lawyers' bills and lettres-de-cachet.

Success begets confidence; the triumphant lover of Sophie, from motives of pique and revenge rather than of conjugal affection, demanded the person and society of his wife, who resided with M. de Marignane, her father. Madame de Mirabeau refused to accede to any project of re-union, and not long afterwards instituted a suit before the *sénéchaussée* of Aix, for a final separation from her notorious husband. Mirabeau conducted the defence with such force of argument, such appearance of feeling, and such finished rhetoric, that the Court rejected the suit of separation; but upon an appeal to the parliament of the province, and proof that Mirabeau had publicly accused his wife of incontinence, it was ultimately decreed on the 3d of July, 1783.

There are three acts in the drama of Mirabeau's life: the first, which terminates here, presents nothing but crime, exile, and dungeons; in the second, he travelled, became conversant with foreign politics, studied the situation of Europe, exposed the secrets of cabinets, speculated on finance, attacked the system of his own country, denounced the iniquities of the executive government, and laid the foundations of a reputation which even then excited the jealousy of the Court; the third, and last, was one burst of unrivalled glory, power, and popularity, which surrounded his tomb, and will survive to his posterity. The Revolution was now advancing with the strides of a giant; the philosophy of Montesquieu, of Voltaire, of Mably, and of Rousseau, had for many years been silently insinuating itself into the houses of the affluent and educated classes; it had begun to penetrate the crevices, and to agitate the mass, of society; it became more and more simple as it descended lower; the principle arrived substantially entire at the end of its long journey from the summit of literary speculation to the plains of ignorance and credulity; but it generally contrived to lose the company of certain collateral restrictions and qualifications, which were found to impede its expedition. A public spirit arose, like an exhalation from the bosom of the earth, at the echo of the voices of deceased enchanters: in Paris, and in the other great cities and towns of France, a mixed audience was insensibly created for the reception of the lectures of an excited press; the maxims inculcated were for the most part true, and the consequences deduced from them logically correct. The application of these reasonings to the existing system of things was obvious; the abuses in the administration of the internal police of the country were so palpable and so grievous that they provoked attack, and the facilities were great, and the temptations irresistible, of marching on from the defeat of executive tyranny to the assault of the primitive principles which gave it birth. The practice of granting lettres-de-cachet had been carried to such an inconceivable excess, that there hardly existed a noble family in France which did not count among its members some victim to ministerial or paternal despotism; the mere ex-parte

statement of the irregularities of a young man's conduct were ground enough for the police to bury him in a prison, and leave him there to waste away sine die, or to supplicate the tender mercies of a guardian or a father, who, by having the disposition of the prisoner's property in the interval, had a direct interest in prolonging the period of his detention. Originally the *lettre-de-câchet* was manuscript, and signed by the king; it contained the name, the title, the crime, the destined prison of the object of it; it was confined to persons guilty, or suspected of being guilty, of offences against the state, or at least implicated in some high misdemeanors; but under the ministries of Lavrillière, of Sartine, of Vergennes, and Lenoir, they became so numerous, that writing them was considered too troublesome; they were actually printed and distributed by hundreds to the commanders of forts, governors of castles, intendants of provinces, satellites of the Court and their prostitute mistresses; blanks were left for the name and the offence of the miserable victims of personal malignity, and the sign manual of the king was forged with impunity. But if the members of the noblesse were the principal sufferers under this engine of tyranny, the middle and the lower classes of the nation had as good, if not a better right to complain of the legal despotism of the noblesse itself. It is true, their conduct differed very much in different parts of the kingdom; the heroic fidelity of the Vendéans sufficiently proves it; but it is equally certain, that the old age of the feudal system, if it had mitigated any thing of the ferocity, had not resigned one of the pretensions of its barbarous youth; there was ample room left for possible oppression; and if a tribunal for redress had existed, the least difficulty would have lain in the selection of instances of its atrocious infliction. But the nobility were not only authorized by the laws to dispose, almost at their pleasure, of their vassals and tenants; they were also exempted by privilege from contributing towards the common and indispensable revenue of their country. More than 50,000 persons, possessing at least three-fifths of the land of the kingdom, paid no taxes; the commercial classes were ground to pieces by imposts and excise; and the nation was burdened with a heavy debt, which, under such a system of imperfect taxation, must increase with portentous rapidity, and the interest of which, the annual revenue paid into the treasury, after answering the necessary expenses of the state, was barely sufficient to satisfy. This was no new situation of things. The triumphs of Louis XIV. had exhausted, as much as his misfortunes had depressed and agitated, France; the absolute sceptre, which he had bequeathed, was too heavy for the feeble and unskilful hands of his successor; the administration was violent without vigour; the ancient institutions were undermined and falling to pieces, whilst every proposition of reform was obstinately rejected; the disorder was such, the corruption so dreadful, the remedies so uncertain, that Louis XV. himself was struck with terror at the sight, and is said to have cried, with a melancholy voice,

"that in the state in which he beheld France, he would not guarantee the crown upon the head of his grandson." If Louis XV. was a bad king, he proved himself at least no indifferent prophet.

At the accession of Louis XVI. in 1774, the revolution was virtually effected; an impression had been given to the public mind of the nation which nothing could efface. An edict against speculations was *brutum fulmen*. But, though the sources of thought were opened, and it was impossible to *stop* the stream from flowing, yet it was still within the power of human wisdom to direct its course and to *coerce* its fury. There was a glorious theatre prepared, and a glorious part to play; the executive government might have initiated a salutary reform; it might have given to the people as the sacrifices of royal patriotism what in a few years the same people would infallibly seize as the appurtenances of national property; it might have led the march in triumph instead of waiting to be dragged along the road in chains; it might have preserved the monarchy by a timely regeneration, instead of proceeding to enlarge the measure of its iniquities, and to accelerate the advent of that fearful day in which the sceptre and the throne, the good and the bad, should be swept away in one undistinguishing torrent of destruction. It is but justice to say, that Louis XVI. did to a certain extent perceive the signs of the times, and was willing to do that which became him; he called Turgot and Mallesherbes to the helm of affairs; they addressed themselves to the privileged classes, and demanded the concession of their monstrous prerogatives; in vain—the privileged classes, as unwise as unpatriotic, combined together upon the principles of pride and interest, and crushed their virtuous antagonists; and the nation learnt with sorrow that Louis, however generous his motives, however pure his intentions, was utterly destitute of that depth of prudence, of that manly firmness of character, without which it was obviously idle to expect to produce any beneficial result.

The American war broke out, and France assisted the insurgents with men and money. Necker entertained the same opinions as his predecessors, but did not possess their disinterestedness; he maintained the war by loans without increasing the taxes, and purchased an undue popularity at the price of trebling the debt of an already exhausted country. But this was not all; for some years the cause of the English colonies had excited a deep interest in France; the public policy was associated with their struggle; resistance to government was justified even by the measures of the Court; and many of the most ardent spirits of all classes had personally mixed in the contest itself, shared in its dangers, contributed to its success, and exulted in its triumphs. The peace in 1782 sent these men back to their own country; they imported with them ideas of liberty and republican equality, which they seemed to have appropriated to themselves, and almost claimed an exclusive right to promulgate. They were listened to with

enthusiasm and delight, and what was at first history to some, and adventure to others, became ultimately advice and exhortation to all.

Calonne succeeded; ingenious, bold, unscrupulous, he relied on the powerful patronage of the Comte d'Artois for overcoming all difficulties. He commenced with a loan, which the parliament, his bitter enemy, refused to register. Calonne was imperious, and long accustomed to cut the gordian knots of politics, by what the French call coups d'état. The King commanded the registration, and was obeyed; but the minister, irritated by the opposition with which he had met, was determined to crush it. He cast his eyes on the privileged classes, revived the plans of Turgot, proposed them to the King, over whose mind he had acquired an absolute sway through the medium of his colleague Vergennes, and insisted on the necessity of taking from the Parliament the right of controlling or suspending the operations of finance. In order to invest with an air of legality that which he intended should be in substance an act of despotic power, Calonne convoked an assembly of the Notables at Versailles in 1787. He announced his plans to them, which contained the abolition of privileges, the establishment of a general land-tax, the relief of commerce, the introduction of a stamp duty, and the creation of provincial assemblies throughout the kingdom. The most furious opposition arose; the clergy and the noblesse defended their privileges with pertinacity, and the nation itself had so ill an opinion of the principles and integrity of the minister, that it looked on almost with indifference as to the fate of a measure which so nearly concerned the common welfare. In vain did Calonne oppose the name and the influence of the Comte d'Artois as a shield between him and his enemies; Monsieur, himself the partisan of reform, ranged himself in the opposition, and the Duke of Orleans stood aloof in an affected neutrality, and waited quietly for the result of the inextricable embarrassments, in which the King was engaged. Louis XVI. had not firmness to maintain his resolution by an act of authority. Once more and for the last time the privileged classes triumphed, and Calonne, like Turgot, was sacrificed to their implacable hatred.

The death struggles of the *ancien regime* had commenced; the measures of the Court were violent, intermittent, convulsive. Brienne, Lamoignon, and Fourqueux had succeeded to Calonne. They determined to revert to the old sheer despotism; and in this spirit two edicts for creating a land-tax and a stamp duty were presented to the parliament. The most passionate opposition was excited, and the fact of the American resistance to the introduction of the English stamp duty was seized and dwelt upon with fury. It is said that the idea of convoking the States-General arose from a pun in one of those debates in the parliament; some one moved that the ministers should produce divers états de finance; "vous demander des états de finance," replied one of the council, "comme pour faire partie de l'opposition; ce sont des états-generaux qu'il

faut demander." The ministers, indignant at an opposition which, since the time of Richelieu, was looked upon as a kind of petty treason, summoned the parliament of Versailles, and determined to enforce the registration of the two edicts in a *lit de justice*. The pomp of despotism was displayed; the King expressed his discontent with the parliament, and did not spare his reproaches: the minister reminded the assembly of all the gracious communications which the monarch had made to the nation through the medium of the Notables; new demands and new discussions upon the same subject were useless to the public; they only tended to impede the motions of the government, and to circumscribe the power of the King; that power was unlimited; it recognised no rights which were opposed to its own; the King was the sole administrator of his kingdom, and it was his first duty to transmit unimpaired to his descendants that authority which he had received from his ancestors; the urgent necessities of the state would not endure the pernicious delays which were sought to be introduced in the verification of the royal edicts; and the King, who in his extreme kindness had condescended to draw back for a season the veil which covered the administration of the kingdom, was not justified in departing any farther from the ordinary rules of his royal wisdom; above all, he would not permit the unusual and spontaneous marks of his goodness in conferring with the Notables to be made an argument for controlling his conduct in the ordinary exercise of his authority in the parliament. To this declaration of the rights of despotism the parliament replied by setting forth the ancient principles of the French monarchy, the first of which was that those who were to pay the taxes ought to consent to their imposition, and that there was no other way to ascertain the wishes of the nation but by a speedy convocation of the States-General! However the edicts were registered *par exprès commandement*; the parliament renewed its protest against their legality, and received in return a decree of banishment to Troyes.

The details of the interval which elapsed from this last act of despotic authority till the meeting of the States-General on the 5th May, 1789, are profoundly interesting and instructive; a knowledge of them is indispensable to every one who is anxious to understand the state and character of public opinion which produced the Constitution of 1791 as its natural effect, but it would far exceed the prescribed limits of this hasty sketch to enter into a critical account of them here. In few words, the force of common consent increased day by day; the press became more and more determined in its attacks upon the existing system of things; the parliament was seized upon as a recognised nucleus and starting post of opposition, which the ministers made desperate and useless efforts to suppress; the Duke of Orleans courted the populace, and set himself at the head of the advocates of national reform; the clergy themselves, in convocation assembled, demanded the States-General, and declared that there could be no safety or happiness for

France without national representation; the distress of the finances became such that the funds of private charities were seized for the immediate use of the treasury; Brienne sunk under the weight of public hatred; Necker was recalled; a second meeting of Notables took place; the ancien regime was invaded and mutilated on all sides, till at length worn out and exhausted by old age and disease together, it expired in the bosom of the National Assembly.

Mirabeau, hated equally by the clergy and the noblesse, who looked upon him as a traitor to their cause, became on that very account still more popular. He published numberless pamphlets distinguished alike by their luminous logic, impetuous eloquence, and determined hostility to arbitrary measures. He saw the crisis of his country, and felt that he himself was called upon irresistibly to be an actor on the stage. He went to Marseilles, hired a house, wrote over the door, "Mirabeau, marchand de draps," and was sent by acclamation to Versailles, as deputy of the tiers état from the sénéchaussée of Aix.

It would be rash to pretend to classify with precision all the shades of opinions which had their respective advocates in the States-General. In fact it would be very useless, if it were practicable; for many of them scarcely survived a month's discussion, some of them were extinguished, and others merged in more general definitions. There are however three grand parties which may be easily distinguished, and which will serve as guiding posts to the mind through the intricate passages of the first years of the revolution. First, all those who were attached to the ancient order of things, and were determined to defend it; this party consisted of a majority of the noblesse, a minority of the clergy, and scattered individuals amongst the tiers état: secondly, the personal partisans of Necker, who, though in the commencement of the Assembly very powerful, soon afterwards lost their influence with the decreasing reputation of the minister, who alone supported them: thirdly, and this was incomparably the largest party, all those, whatever might be their ultimate views or the differences of their tempers, who joined in a fixed resolution of never separating till they had destroyed the despotism and given a free constitution to France. The first were commonly called Aristocrats; the second Amis du Ministre; the third, Orleanistes. These last contained amongst them the germs of three other divisions, which subsequently became conspicuous; the Orleanistes proper, whose object it was to declare Louis incapable and to make the Duke of Orleans Regent; the Constitutionals, who wished a limited monarchy upon the idea of England; and the Jacobins, who detested the name of King, hated the family of Bourbon, and were prepared to wade through blood to the establishment of a republic.

Mirabeau was eminent and popular, but his full powers were not yet known. As yet there had been no adequate field for his oratory. It was on the 23d of June, 1789, after the Séance Royale, that he first came forward and occupied a rank, which nobody af-

terwards ventured to dispute with him. The noblesse and the clergy had retired to their chambers; the tiers état remained in the great hall; the master of the ceremonies brought the King's order for them to withdraw; the deputies were agitated and irresolute, when Mirabeau rose, and thundered with a terrible voice, as it is said, these words to the messenger; "Allez dire à ceux qui vous ont envoyé que nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, et que nous n'en sortirons que par la puissance des baïonnettes!" The revolution was decided. In the same tone of fierce superiority he gave *his* injunctions to the second deputation from the Assembly to the King upon the subject of the removal of the troops between Paris and Versailles: "Dites-lui que les hordes étrangères dont nous sommes investis ont reçu hier la visite des princes, des princesses, des favoris, des favorites, et leurs caresses, et leurs exhortations, et leurs présens; dites-lui que toute la nuit ces satellites étrangers, gorgés d'or et de vin, ont prédit dans leurs chants impies l'asservissement de la France, et que leurs vœux brutaux invoquaient la destruction de l'assemblée nationale; dites-lui que dans son palais même, les courtisans ont mêlé leurs danses au son de cette musique barbare, et que telle fut l'avant-scène de la Saint-Barthélemy. Dites-lui que ce Henri dont l'univers bénit la mémoire, celui de ses aïeux qu'il voulait prendre pour modèle, faisait passer des vivres dans Paris révolté, qu'il assiégeait en personne; et que ses conseillers féroces font rébrousser les farines que le commerce apporte dans Paris fidèle et affamé." The address to the King upon this occasion is Mirabeau's composition, and is deservedly celebrated. A woman of talent was comparing, in a large party, this address with that presented by the Commons of England to Charles I.;—"Hé bien, madame," replied Mirabeau with an air of complacency, "Cromwell n'a-t-il pas illustré sa famille?"

Yet Mirabeau would never have been a Cromwell; he never entirely shook off the habits of his youth; he never forgot that he was a nobleman; "Croyez vous," said he to some nobles, "que si j'eusse été député de la noblesse, elle eût dégringolé si promptement?" "Regardez-moi," said he again to some newspaper reporters in the gallery of the Assembly, "vous avez désorienté toute l'Europe pendant trois jours avec votre Riquetti aîné!" "L'Amiral Coligny," said he, "qui, par parenthèse, était mon cousin."

Mirabeau hated the ancient despotism, but he had no objection to a constitutional monarchy; he was the bitter enemy of the ministers, but he defended the power and the efficient existence of a ministry in the abstract. He had studied the character of his own countrymen too well to participate in the idle dream of converting them into republicans; he saw the immense difference between a new country like the United States of America, and the oldest and most polished monarchy of Europe. He knew that the French could not attach themselves permanently to a mere principle; that they would not contend for a simple right; that they would in all circumstances look for some man to come forward as the actual and

visible exponent of their opinions, and that to this person they would devote themselves with almost childish passion. He was persuaded that a republic would be a mere delusion to France, and that under the shadow of that magnificent name the liberties of the nation would forever lie at the mercy of successive dictatorships of triumphant demagogues. More difficulty has been made in pronouncing upon the ultimate intentions of Mirabeau with regard to the form of government, and upon his connexions with the Court, than there seems any cause to justify. He was undoubtedly at first deeply associated with the Duke of Orleans, and was the centre of that party which meditated the virtual deposition of Louis XVI., and the elevation of the Duke to the Lieutenancy or Regency of the kingdom. Mounier upon one occasion expressed his attachment to the King and the monarchy; "Mais, bon homme que vous êtes," interrupted Mirabeau with impatience, "avec tout votre esprit vous n'êtes qu'un sot. Je veux un roi comme vous. Qu'importe que ce soit Louis XVI. ou Louis XVII? qu'avons-nous besoin du bambin pour nous gouverner?" Whether he planned the outrages of the 5th and 6th of October it is impossible to say; that he was informed of the approach of the Parisians there is no doubt, and Orleans himself was seen too often and too undisguisedly in the midst of the ensuing tumults to leave any doubt as to his cognizance of the tendency of the conspiracy. In the afternoon of the 5th, Mirabeau went and leant over the chair of the President, and said in a low tone of voice, "Mounier, Paris marche sur nous." "Je n'en sais rien." "Croyez-moi, ou ne me croyez pas, peu m'importe; mais Paris, vous dis-je, marche sur nous. Trouvez-vous mal; montez au château; donnez-leur cet avis; dites, si vous le voulez, que vous le tenez de moi, j'y consens. Mais faites cesser cette controverse scandaleuse; le temps presse; il n'y a pas une minute à perdre." It is just possible that Mirabeau, distrusting the event of this sanguinary outrage, might have been willing to merit the future regard of the King by an easy service; and it is certain that the imbecility and worthlessness of the Duke were so well known to him that he would never have scrupled to sacrifice him, if it could have served any of his own ultimate views of aggrandizement. "Il est lâche comme un laquais," said Mirabeau to one of his friends; "c'est un jean-f... qui ne mérite pas la peine qu'on s'est donnée pour lui!" His defence of himself some time afterwards is a masterpiece of oratory; he scarcely condescended to take notice of the specific charges, but repelling them *en masse* with derision and contempt, he made use of them, as it were, for aantage-ground, from which he in turn became the assailant, and hurled against his unprepared and astonished antagonists the more tremendous missiles of his own creation. "Oui," said he with vehement earnestness, "oui, le secret de cette infernale procédure est enfin découvert; il est là tout entier (looking at the right side of the Assembly); il est dans l'intérêt de ceux dont le témoignage et les calomnies en ont formé le tissu; il est dans

les ressources qu'elle a fournies aux ennemis de la révolution; il est . . . il est dans le cœur des juges tel qu'il sera bientôt buriné dans l'histoire par la plus juste et la plus implacable vengeance."

But the Duke of Orleans became more and more contemptible every day; he no longer, even in appearance, united in his favour the various parties of the revolutionary body; the chiefs were rapidly diverging from the factitious centre round which they had at first assembled, and becoming almost more exasperated against each other than they had ever been against the Court itself. The reign of clubs began; the Jacobins became a known party; they made their appeals directly to the populace, and, though consisting of barely thirty persons in the Assembly, they overawed the freedom of discussion, and usurped practical sovereignty over the whole of France. The Constitutionalists had their club also, by which they hoped to divide the affections of the mob, and thereby to neutralize the disorganizing efforts of the Jacobins. This rivalry for a popularity of the basest and most fleeting nature was destructive of all legislative consistency; articles of the most vital importance in the formation of the constitution were carried or lost, qualified or exaggerated, according as one party or another had for the moment a transient superiority in the public favour. Mirabeau belonged to neither of these clubs; he reprobated their practices; he declaimed against their existence. He was hated by both, and courted by both, and the inclination of his opinion was enough to make either the one or the other to triumph. He more than once ventured to oppose the weight of his single influence against the combined rancour of Jacobins and Aristocrats, and triumphed over them both. He was insulted in a manner which gives a lively notion of the tempestuous debates of the National Assembly. He was interrupted in the tribune by the appellations of 'insolent,' 'beggar,' 'villain,' 'robber;' he was told 'his reign was passed, his triumph would end on the scaffold;' D'Ambly shook his cane at him. "Il me serait facile," said Mirabeau in a moment of silence, "d'obtenir une vengeance éclatante des injures qui me sont adressées, mais je les meprise." "Faites avancer vos phalanges," cried Faucigny; "allons Monsieur de Mirabeau, des assassins!" "Si nous avons des phalanges," retorted Mirabeau, "vous n'avez que des libelles. Il faut avouer que notre patience est grande."

One of the most signal instances of his audacity and overbearing power was his conduct on the question of giving to the King the right of making war and peace. To the astonishment of the Constitutionalists and the Jacobins, Mirabeau declared his opinion for investing the executive power with this prerogative, and maintained it in an oration of uncommon splendour and unanswerable logic. The left side was amazed; the debate was adjourned; Barnave was appointed to reply, and to destroy by any means the effect of Mirabeau's speech. Barnave was eloquent, bold, and sophistical; but he was no match for his chosen antagonist. He attacked Mirabeau with virulence, accused him of inconsistency, ridiculed his system,

and condemned his principles. He was cheered rapturously by the left side, and the people in the galleries; he was received with acclamations upon leaving the Assembly; the mob carried him under the windows of the King's chamber, and shouted "Vive Barnave!" whilst Mirabeau, hissed and hooted by the crowd, heard the terrible cry of "A la lanterne!" and could with great difficulty escape the outrages which were on the point of being committed on him. The two Lameths, jealous of the superiority of Mirabeau, thought they had now found an opportunity of ruining him forever in the hearts of the people; they inveighed against him in the club, and charged him in downright terms with betraying the cause of his country. The next day a libel was hawked about with this title, "La grande trahison du Comte de Mirabeau!" and it was asserted that he had received a large sum of money for his speech. This paper was shown to Mirabeau, as he entered the Assembly: he cast his eyes upon it, and said, "J'en sais assez; on m'emportera de l'Assemblée triomphant ou en lambeaux." He was now at bay; his enemies believed they had mortally wounded him; but they dreaded the tremendous effect of his despair, and were afraid to press upon him. At length he rose to reply; curiosity kept even the Aristocrates quiet.

"C'est quelque chose sans doute," said he, "pour rapprocher les opinions, que d'avouer nettement sur quoi l'on est d'accord et sur quoi l'on diffère; les discussions amicales valent mieux, pour s'entendre, que les insinuations calomnieuses, que les inculpations forcenées, que les peines de rivalité, que les machinations de l'intrigue et de la malveillance. On répand, depuis plusieurs jours, que la section de l'Assemblée qui veut le concours de la volonté royale dans l'exercice du droit de paix et de guerre, est parricide de la liberté publique; on répand les bruits de perfidie, de corruption: on invoque les vengeances populaires pour soutenir la tyrannie des opinions. . . (Here he looked sternly at Barnave.)—Et moi aussi on voulait, il y a quelques jours, me porter en triomphe, et maintenant on crie dans les rues, la grande conspiration du Comte de Mirabeau. Je n'avais pas besoin de cette leçon pour savoir qu'il est peu de distance du capitol à la roche Tarpéienne; mais l'homme qui combat pour la raison et pour la patrie ne se tient pas si aisément vaincu. (Mirabeau cast a haughty look at the Lameths.) Celui qui a la conscience d'avoir bien mérité de son pays et surtout de lui être utile, celui que ne rassasie pas une vaine célébrité, qui dédaigne les succès d'un jour pour la véritable gloire, cet homme porte avec lui la récompense de ses services, le charme de ses peines, le prix de ses dangers; il ne doit attendre sa moisson et sa destinée, la seule qui l'intéresse, la destinée de son nom, que du temps, juge incorruptible qui fait justice à tous. Je rentre donc dans la lice armé de mes seuls principes et de la fermeté de ma conscience. Je vais poser à mon tour le véritable point de la difficulté avec la netteté dont je suis capable. Je prie de mes adversaires, qui ne m'entendront pas, de m'arrêter, afin que je m'expli-

que plus clairement ; car je suis décidé à déjouer les reproches tant répétés de subtilités, d'évasion, de subterfuge ; et, s'il ne tient qu'à moi, cette journée dévoilera le secret de nos loyautés respectives."

He then refuted, in a victorious manner, the objections of Barnave; he maintained his former system afresh, and urged it with redoubled force. He saw in the eyes of his audience the certainty of his triumph; and stopping rather abruptly, he finished in an ordinary and inexpressibly contemptuous tone with these words:

"Il me semble, Messieurs, que le vrai point de la difficulté est parfaitement connu; que M. Barnave n'a point du tout abordé la question. Ce serait un gain trop facile maintenant que de le poursuivre dans les détails, où s'il a fait voir quelque talent, il n'a jamais montré la moindre connaissance d'homme d'Etat ni des affaires humaines. Il a déclamé longuement contre les maux que peuvent faire et qu'ont fait les rois; il s'est bien gardé de remarquer que, dans notre constitution, le monarque ne peut plus être despote ni rien faire arbitrairement; il s'est bien gardé surtout de parler des mouvemens populaires."

Mirabeau left the tribune amidst a thunder of applause, which continued almost instinctively for many minutes after he had resumed his seat. His triumph was complete.

There is no doubt of Mirabeau's negotiations with the Court, and there is nothing to be found in them which does him any dishonour. Laporte, intendant of the civil list, was the medium of communication. Mirabeau's remarks on the state of parties, in and out of the Assembly, are profound; and his advice to the King wise and beneficial. Whether he actually received any money is not easy to be known: that he bargained for some permanent advantages to himself is probable. Madame de Stael, a witness not likely to favour the sarcastic enemy of Necker, says, that she had in her possession a letter in the hand writing of Mirabeau, which was intended for the King; in it he offered his utmost services to establish a powerful and dignified, but at the same time, a limited monarchy in France. The truth is, Mirabeau laboured to free and regenerate his country, and then wished to guide its destinies as minister of it himself.

His intrigues were suspected: the attempts he made to pass a decree that any deputy of the Assembly might take an office and retain his seat, were in vain; the Aristocrates, Constitutionalists, and Jacobins, all united to oppose it. The object was too clear to escape their vigilance. They were afraid of such a minister as Mirabeau, if allowed to exercise his influence over the Assembly as a member. Vernier moved, that a law should be made against emigrants. Mirabeau said, it was impossible, and demanded leave to speak: it was refused: he persisted in his demand; "What kind of dictatorship is this?" cried Goupil, "which M. de Mirabeau affects to exercise over the Assembly?"—"I beg those who interrupt me," replied Mirabeau, "to recollect, that I have combated the despotism both of kings and ministers, and that I shall

certainly not crouch under that of a club. I beg Mr. Goupil to recollect that once upon a time he affected to despise a certain Cataline, against whose dictatorship he now protests." The Jacobins were furious, and roared for an adjournment. Mirabeau forgot, for a moment, the gradation necessary to the part which he was determined to play, and thundered with a voice of empire, "Silence aux trente voix." The Jacobins were silent accordingly, and the adjournment was negatived.

Mirabeau was continually challenged by the impetuous members of the old noblesse, and his answers to some of them are very humorous. To one he said, after the manner of Bessus, "Je le veux bien; mais comme je ne puis me battre tant que la constitution ne sera pas faite, je tiens liste de ceux qui me font l'honneur de me jeter le gant, et je vais vous inscrire." To another, "Il n'est pas juste, que j'expose un homme d'esprit comme moi contre un sot comme vous." Yet no one suspected his courage.*

His style of oratory was various according to the occasion; at one time, displaying in easy luxuriance the boundless treasures of his knowledge and imagination; at another, inflamed with passion, overbearing all opposition, short, rapid, and furious. He had perhaps the greatest theme and the most noble theatre that ever fell to the lot of any orator, and he effected more remarkable changes by dint of eloquence than are related of any modern speaker. He frequently abandoned the prescribed forms of public debate, and imitated Demosthenes in a direct attack or personal denunciation. He was once interrupted by a member who complained that Mirabeau was always assailing him with irony; Mirabeau looked at him for a minute, and then said with a very slow and articulate pronunciation,—"Puisque vous n'aimez pas l'ironie, je vous lance le profond mépris." Being called to order upon one occasion, he turned round sharply upon the person, and replied, "J'y suis, monsieur; c'est vous qui le troublez." He possessed the greatest excellence of oratory, which consists in rarely or never trusting an argument to its bare logical sufficiency, but in investing it with a garb of imagery, and in animating it with the spirit of human earnestness. He personified his thought, and impassioned his abstractions. He knocked directly at the door of the affections of his audience, and never stayed to trifle in the vestibule of their fancies. His eloquence acted all at once; the speech came *en masse*; there were no dreary intervals of narration, or deduction, or calculation, but every thing was amalgamated, and beaten into one mighty thunderbolt of reason, anger, ridicule, and invective.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ

Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebat——flammiſque ſequacibus iras.

* It is said that Mirabeau, when a boy of fourteen years of age, was taken to visit the Prince of Conti, who asked him what he would do if he, the Prince, were to strike him, "Monseigneur, n'escrait!"—"But suppose," said the Prince, "the King were to strike you!"—"Cette question," replied Mirabeau, "eût été fort embarrassante avant l'invention des pistolets à deux coups."

His power at the moment of his victory over the Jacobins was immense; his popularity approached to an idolatry for his person. He was tall, thick, and ugly, yet he reigned more indisputably in the hearts of the fair sex than he did even in the tribune. The girls embraced him as he walked in the streets; threw ribbons around his neck, and scattered flowers before his feet. He gave himself up to the most destructive excesses, and sunk himself to apathy in the mad voluptuousness which the finest women in Paris were proud to participate with him. At the same time he never ceased from his intellectual toils; his ambition was never lulled; his reason was never intoxicated, never asleep. He saw with accuracy the exact position in which he was placed, and understood the relative strength and intentions of the various parties with precision. He restrained the Aristocrats within bounds, and repressed the furies of the democratical faction; he might have strengthened the hands of the King; he might have quelled the clubs; he might have saved France!

But death came and snatched him from the earth, when his life was invaluable, and his loss irreparable. His debauches racked him with pain; his mind became lethargic, his energies languid. He had recourse to baths impregnated with corrosive sublimate; a species of treatment which permitted him to attend his duties in the Assembly, but which demanded the severest regimen. Mirabeau observed none. An orgy at La Coulon's, an opera dancer, in which he combined every sort of excess with every mean of exciting it, gave him his mortal blow. A violent fever was the consequence; the acrid particles of the sublimate, not being able to escape through the pores on account of the unnatural tension of the body, turned their dreadful influence inwards on the vital system, and actually poisoned the very sources of life.

Mirabeau felt that his end was approaching, and submitted to it with fortitude. The news of his illness agitated Paris to the centre: the doors of his house were surrounded with an immense multitude, who kept a profound silence, and watched for the announcement of the hourly bulletin of his health. Barnave headed a deputation of the Jacobins to wait upon him; for the Jacobins themselves dared not resist the torrent of public opinion so decidedly expressed. One young man, having heard that an infusion of new blood might prove serviceable, came and offered his life for that frantic purpose. Mirabeau loved life like an epicurean, but nothing could for a moment shake the fixedness of his soul. He was dignified and imaginative to the last. "You are a great physician," said he to Cabanis; "but there is a greater physician than you—he who made the wind which destroys every thing, the water which penetrates and fertilizes every thing, the fire which vivifies every thing." He ordered the windows to be opened wide on the day of his death;—"My friend," said he to Cabanis, "I shall die this day; when a man has arrived at this point, there remains but one thing to do—to languish in perfumes, to enwreath the head

with flowers, to surround the senses with music, that so he may enter sweetly into that sleep from which he shall never more arise." He then talked about the actual state of France, and developed the secrets of the various parties which had operated the revolution: "I carry in my heart," added he, "the mourning of the monarchy which is now falling a prey to the hatred of the factious." He speculated also on the affairs of Europe; "Ce Pitt," said he, "est le ministre des préparatifs; il gouverne avec ce dont il menace plutôt qu'avec ce qu'il fait; si j'eusse vécu, je crois que je lui aurais donné du chagrin."

He became speechless, but still remained perfectly sensible. His sufferings were excruciating, and taking up a pen he wrote legibly the word *Dormir*. He twice or thrice wrote to express his request that they would give him opium; he fell back again apparently dead, when some artillery being discharged in the neighbourhood, the dying Mirabeau raised himself up on one arm, opened his eyes, smiled, and said with a clear and almost exulting voice, "Sont-ce déjà les funérailles d'Achille?—J'ai pour un siècle de courage, et je n'ai plus pour un instant de force." He sunk with the effort, and expired.

The theatres were closed, the shops shut, the people silent. The National Assembly decreed that the body of the deceased orator should be carried to the new church of Sainte-Genève, which was then for the first time entitled the Pantheon. Barrère pronounced his eulogy in the tribune, and moved that the deputies should attend the funeral. "We will go," was the cry. No monarch was ever carried to his long home with such imposing magnificence; it was rather an apotheosis than a human entombment. The representatives of the people, all the public functionaries, twelve thousand of the national guard, and more than four thousand citizens in mourning, formed the procession. A slow and melancholy music told of departed greatness; the thousand torches, the intermittent cannons, the windows and balconies breathing with all the beauty of Paris, presented a striking and a memorable contrast of motion and stillness, of life and of death.

No one dared to assume the sceptre of power which Mirabeau had left behind him. His greatest enemies were the most embarrassed; and the eyes of all mechanically fixed themselves in deep abstraction on the vacant seat of him who had so often risen from thence to illumine and to direct their counsels.

Tu vero felix, Mirabilis, non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis. Nam tibi aut pro virtute animi, constantiaque tua, civilis febri subeunda fuit crudelitas, aut siqua te fortuna ab atrocitate mortis vindicavit, eadem esse te funereum patriæ spectatorem coegisset; neque solum tibi improborum dominatus, sed etiam propter admistam civium cædem, bonorum victoria mærori fuisset.

On the Substitution of Potatoes for Soap, in the Washing of Linen. By M. CADET-DEVAUX.*

THE friends of science and economy, but more particularly those mistresses of families who are honoured by the appellation of *good managers*, will be astonished at the contrast between the general mode of washing, and that which I am now advocating.

We have recently published the fact, of an ink-stain, which the laundress had supposed to be indelible, being instantly removed, by means of an atom of dry soap, properly applied: thus verifying the old proverb, "*It is the manner of doing a thing, that does it.*" This experiment in miniature gave me an idea, that 95 pounds of soap in the hundred might be saved by using this dried soap, generally, for washing.†

Science is generally the friend of economy; and we now find it possible to banish all the agents used in washing; namely, the wood-ashes, potash, and soda, and, lastly, even the soap! These agents, so troublesome, caustic, and expensive, may all be substituted by—what?—simply by *potatoes, only three parts boiled*.

We have made experiments in the large way on this subject, in the most decisive manner: and it was my intention to have introduced the use of potatoes, for this purpose, into the Hospitals, and the *Hôtel des Invalides*; but I could not effect it, as it interfered too much with the private interests of those who undertake the washing: the result has been, that the soldiers' shirts became worn out, and in rags, after being washed only thirty or thirty-five times. Indeed how can it be otherwise, when, to the causticity of the soap, are added the roughness of the brush, the cutting of the battledore or flat piece of wood, and of the machines, in washing!

I shall now confine myself to mentioning the experiments made by M. Héricart de Thury; who so zealously applies himself to every interesting object of useful science. I here transcribe the process, *verbatim*.

"*On Washing with Potatoes, instead of employing Soap and Alkalies.*—"On Monday the 30th of January, 1819, I made the following experiment, in the presence of the Count of Chabrol, *Préfet* of the department of the *Seine*, and several Commissioners of the Benevolent Society of *l'Isle Saint Louis*; the Sisters of Charity, in that parish; M.M. *Gillet de Laumont, Boucheseiche, Collin, &c*; M. le *Curé de Saint Louis*; and many inhabitants and manufacturers of that neighbourhood.

This experiment was made at the Widow Fouques' washing-establishment,‡ by washing body and house-linen, &c. with *potatoes only three parts boiled*, instead of soap, or the alkalies, salts, lime, &c. generally used.

* From *Ferussac's Bulletin des Sciences Technologiques*.

† The French generally use a kind of greenish-black soap for washing, which is much softer than our soft-soap.—EDITH.

‡ This magnificent establishment is situated at the corner of *l'Isle St. Louis*, near the *Hôtel Bretonvilliers*.

"Amongst the linen on which the experiment was tried, were the linen of adults and children, sheets and coverlets, table-linen, towels, brewers'-aprons, hospital-linen, &c. &c.

"The whole was first thrown into a tub, to soak in water, for about an hour.

"The linen was next placed in a copper of hot water; from which it was taken separately, to be thoroughly rubbed with the potatoes, the same as with soap.

"The whole thus prepared, and after having been well rubbed, rolled, and wrung, was a second time plunged into the copper, together with a quantity of potatoes in the above state.

"After boiling for about half an hour, the linen was again taken out; then turned, thoroughly rubbed all over, and wrung; and afterwards again thrown into the copper for some minutes.

"It was next well rinsed, in a large quantity of water, twice over, and then allowed to remain for half an hour in cold water: and lastly put into a press, to drain; and then hung up to dry.

"The time occupied by these different experiments was about two hours and a half.

"The linen thus washed was perfectly clean, free from all grease, and looked very white. Even the kitchen-linen, which, whatever means may be employed to cleanse it, generally retains a greasy smell, was perfectly sweet.

"This extract was published by the undersigned, at the request of M. Cadet-Devaux, the inventor of this process, in presence of the before-mentioned persons, who assisted in the experiment, and expressed their satisfaction.

(Signed) "HERICART DE THURY."

WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS?

When should lovers breathe their vows?

When should ladies hear them?

When the dew is on the boughs,

When none else are near them;

When the moon shines cold and pale;

When the birds are sleeping,

When no voice is on the gale,

When the rose is weeping;

When the stars are bright on high,

Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,

And glancing round the light clouds fly,

Like soft fears to shade their beaming.

The fairest smiles are those that live

On the brow by starlight wreathing;

And the lips their richest incense give

When the sigh is at midnight breathing.

Oh, softest is the cheek's love-ray

When seen by moonlight hours,

Other roses seek the day,

But blushes are night-flowers.

Oh, when the moon and stars are bright,

When the dew-drops glisten,

Then their vows should lovers plight,

Then should ladies listen.

FROM KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

THE CAMBRIDGE LECTURERS,

As I remember them some time ago.

I NEVER was entirely an idler, though I lament many days wasted in the best part of my life. Irregular in my pursuits, I seldom kept them long in view. I followed with zeal, while the novelty lasted, and thus saw much, and heard much, perhaps worth attention; but from a want of that steady and regulated perseverance, which alone leads to excellence, I fall far short of the promises which imagination once held out in the heated moments of early ambition. They are gone; but as the grey hairs have not yet appeared, and as life has better things than dejection and despair, I look upon the future with sanguine hopes, and on the past with as pleasant feelings as I can. Perhaps to a fault, I love to ponder upon things that are not, or give them a new existence in the storehouse of memory. Here then I shall write down some of my recollections. I shall record the characters of the different lecturers I sometimes heard, when I wore the blue gown at Trinity College, where I loitered away many an hour, and devoted many a long evening to merriment and laughter, which should have been more seriously employed. I begin with Daniel Edward Clarke, the enthusiastic traveller. He is now no more; or only lives in our recollections.

To give a correct idea of the energy and animation of this man's character requires a more forcible pencil than mine. I wish to paint him to the life; I wish to send out a portrait which cannot be mistaken by those who have seen Clarke some years ago, when he was among us in full vigour and spirit. But for this we must go to the lecture room; we must fancy ourselves a little younger, and the professor still alive; we will wile away a few minutes over those beautiful specimens which are so delicately arranged upon the table, and in the surrounding cases, from the primitive formations of granite to the costly stones and precious metals; the blow-pipes too, whose intense heat in fusing metal has so much assisted the science; the picture of the grotto of Antiparos, with its beautiful stalactites and crystal floor; the ingenious section of the strata of this island; the green god of the New Zealanders; and a vast collection of curious and precious things. But the professor has entered with his papers in his hand, and a favourite specimen; intelligence and genius are depicted on his strongly marked countenance. His earnest manner of recommending his darling pursuit shows that his heart and soul are wrapt up in it. To a full audience he mentions the names of some ambitious travellers among his pupils, who have brought him specimens from Scandinavia, Switzerland, or the Pyrenees. He calls for their wonder and admiration at their superlative beauty; whether they be diamonds or bits of rock. Every thing is matter for wonder with him. He is no cold

speculator, but an enthusiast; he will tell you that the very streets will yield us gold from the dust we tread on; he would fain have us believe that we shall find gold mines in abundance among the rocks and cliffs of the West of England; but wo to the wretch who adventures upon this hopeless enterprise. All this is very amusing; and the many anecdotes which are related by way of illustration sometimes make the lecture a rich treat. His extensive travels gave him great opportunities. The more serious and severe amongst us consider his speculations as trifling and useless. But the professor has an equal contempt for their trivialities, and throws back their arrows upon them. He is invulnerable to such attacks. He finds

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Alas, to one enemy he has been forced to yield; his chair is no longer occupied and sustained with the fervid zeal, or his pursuit set forth with the elegant language, we have so often heard. He is gone; and the cheerful home, where many of us enjoyed his hospitality and entertaining conversation, is now destroyed. His beautiful widow and his little children are all far from the place. There is now nothing to remind us of this good man but his specimens and the Eleusinian Ceres.

I must now speak of the Professor of Geology, the *subterranean* lecturer. How shall I describe the physiognomy of Adam Sedgwick? Shall I give him the eye of the hawk, the head of the eagle, and the ferocious look of the wolf; with a multitude of other qualities to make up this strange "wild fowl?" Truly, I would scarcely hope to look upon so sinister a visage. If you recoil from it with alarm, you have only, as in similar cases, to look it in the face steadily, and your terrors will cease. You may find reasons for liking it at last. Heavens! what an impetuous tongue! yet the larum is never down: an incessant rattle, with a worthy contempt for the flowers of rhetoric. Now we traverse the globe with him, or descend into the bowels of the earth, freeze upon the Alps, climb Mont Blanc, totter on the Andes, or, disguised in a dirty frock, descend into a Cornish tin mine. Yet in the costume which he would have us wear, if we leave our letters of recommendation at any gentleman's house, there is a possibility of our being driven from the door by a pampered menial, the parish beadle despatched to see us beyond the limits of the neighbourhood, or we may be subjected to the parochial inflictions on dirty vagabonds. Such things have happened. Poor wandering geologist, what ills art thou heir to! With a green satchel slung over his shoulders, and a mattock in his hand, this philosopher has worked his way among the natural curiosities of England: his toilsome tours speak highly for his indefatigable perseverance; and his erudite treatises which he now and then reads in the Philosophical Society clearly show him to be one of a powerful mind and surpassing talent, who has made excellent use of his opportunities. His Woodwardian lec-

tures are very amusing, anti-Wernerian to the bone. He will sometimes give a field lecture, taking some select philo geologists on a pedestrian excursion, a few miles into the country. He has not yet adopted Professor Buckland's mode, at Oxford, of lecturing on horseback. That is a grotesque lecture, like a coursing meeting, or an otter hunt. The students are riding about over hedges and ditches, till the professor has discovered a subject worthy of remark, when they all obey the whistle which calls them round him to listen to his observations. I prefer Sedgewick's lecture, as it is much less troublesome; and under favour of the Cornishians, I would say more amusing. With his excellent map of the country, and that valuable collection before us, such a lecturer, so accomplished, and so communicative, is an estimable advantage to students. Long may he occupy his chair; may he continue his present pursuits with the same ardour as he commenced them; and may he live long to be the ornament of the university, which is so proud of him. The utility of the science is obvious. Without it we must remain ignorant of the resources and wealth of our own country; without it we must pass through others unobserving, unedified, unacquainted with the peculiarities which distinguish one from another, and return home with little more increase of knowledge, than that of babbling tongues and senseless faces.

Come with me to hear Professor Farish: the hour will be well employed. The Experimental Philosopher has laid out all his apparatus of cog-wheels, cylinders, bars, pulleys, cranks, screws, blocks, &c., and with a complacent smile is contemplating the ingenious combination of all the parts. In the simplest, almost approaching to infantine, manner, he explains all the intricate modes by which these wheels work upon one another, their multipliers, their momentums, and their checks. His sawing machines, his hat manufactory, his oil press, and cannon foundry, are abundant sources of entertainment. In the latter we see the whole process, from the casting to the firing off the instrument of war. His explanations of the art of mining and ship-building are perfect in clearness and precision; and the air of simplicity which he throws over the whole is such that the student cannot but smile at the seeming facility of the subject, and the serene indifference with which the professor treats of the most complex machinery. Under all this appearance of simplicity, it is discoverable that he is a great man. He is one of the best mathematicians the last age produced. A new kind has sprung up amongst us of late; since his time science has been greatly increased by introductions from foreign schools; but it remains to be proved, whether the finesse and nicety of the present system is of greater use in strengthening the mind than that which exercised the talents of Newton. Whoever is destined to occupy any situation of distinction or public utility, cannot do better than add to his stock of information the matter of these very improving lectures: he can never go unimproved away: he will carry with him into life so much ingenious knowledge, if

he has given his attention to the course, that he will every where meet with consideration and respect, while he can render service or furnish instruction.

I always thought the study of Political Economy essential to a gentleman's education. I was a frequent, almost constant, attendant upon Professor Pryme. Many object to this study, as a dry uninteresting complication of theories, which only harass or perplex the mind;—that it has a dangerous tendency, and is calculated to give the statesman's politics a discontented turn. Such is the language of smatterers and sciolists; flies, that have not power enough to burst the spider's web. "Drink deep, or taste not," is a precept as applicable to this as to any other branch of knowledge. The slender stock of these casuists is just enough to cause their own alarms; if they had proceeded to inquire with greater minuteness, the advantages would have instantly suggested themselves, and they would have obtained that entire and comprehensive view of the subject, which endues the mind with juster notions. There is scarcely a topic, even the commonest in the affairs of life, which is not connected with political economy. It is true that there is a great diversity of opinion among the leading authors, Malthus, Ricardo, and others; but practical knowledge and experience will correct many errors, and reconcile most of their differences. Pryme is a native of Yorkshire, and, as well as others of his countrymen, is not a very pleasing orator; but he is a man of talent, and has conquered his natural disadvantages. By the precision which he has gained from an excellent education, he has made his course of lectures a systematic and luminous exposition of his favourite science. I own it requires a strong liking for the study to go through to the end. "*Aliquando bonus dormitat.*" The good man sometimes nods. But those who want information will wait patiently for it. Those who have "itching ears" will think their time thrown away. He has lately instituted *conversazioni* on Saturday evenings at his own house, which a few students attend, who wish to obtain explanations of knotty points in a more familiar manner than the public lecture allows of. This is a great advantage; and besides, is a sacrifice on the part of the Professor which deserves the gratitude of those who have enjoyed his society and received so many kind attentions.

There is one person who must not be passed over without notice, because he is a remarkable instance of the manner in which men may make their own fortunes, and raise themselves by their own great exertions to a state of comparative independence, from the lowest situations in life. Professor Lee's powers of mind must be of the highest order, if the account which is generally received of his extensive learning be true. Under every difficulty and disadvantage he made himself a profound scholar. To accomplish this end, it is said of him that he purchased the elements of his classical and oriental library with the bounty which he received on entering the militia, as a private soldier; and in that obscure

character he secretly laid the foundation of his present fame. The honours of the university, which has adopted this self-taught son of science, are but just tributes to his acknowledged merit and celebrated learning. His Hebrew lectures are attended by many young men, who, by their researches in those hitherto too much neglected paths of sacred literature, aim at distinction in their profession. The fountains of learning are here opened with no niggard hand; and those fertilizing streams are poured forth on cultivated soils, which may well be expected to produce the fairest fruits.

There are many names which deserve attention; but their pursuits are not so popular as others, or they are confined to particular professions. The Professor of Botany is superannuated. The professors of Medicine are very patiently heard by embryo physicians and young apothecaries. They are all excellent in their different departments: I have no inclination to decide between them, or their more important rivalry with the Machaons of Edinburgh. I must remark, by the way, respecting Anatomy, that although the Professor is a man of great talents, and has a very pleasant manner of communicating his knowledge, still I should wish to see none among his auditors, but those who intend to embrace the medical profession exclusively. It requires deep attention, and must abstract a young man's thoughts from his prescribed studies; so that when he engages with his contemporaries in the contest of honours, he finds how entirely he has misapplied his time and talents. I have known instances of such failures.

Extract from the Improvisatrice.

They loved; they were beloved. Oh, happiness!
 I have said all that can be said of bliss,
 In saying that they loved. The young heart has
 Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild pulse;
 And it is Love that works the mine, and brings
 Its treasure to the light. I did love once,
 Loved as youth—woman—Genius loves; though now
 My heart is chill'd and sear'd, and taught to wear
 That falsest of false things—a mask of smiles;
 Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
 Of that which has been! Love is like the glass,
 That throws its own rich colour over all,
 And makes all beautiful. The morning looks
 Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
 Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red;
 And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
 When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page
 Bearing the poet's words of love: and then
 The twilight walk, when the linked arms can feel
 The beating of the heart; upon the air
 There is a music never heard but once,—
 A light the eyes can never see again;
 Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
 And every song and tale that breathe of love
 Seem echoes of the heart.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

ON THE COOKERY OF THE FRENCH.

Of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.—*Othello*.*To the Editor of the London Magazine.*

SIR,—I AM an alderman and button-maker in the city, and I have a taste for sea-coal fires, porter, roast-beef, and the LONDON MAGAZINE. My son Bob, and my daughter Fanny, on the contrary, used to dislike all these good things—the last excepted: and prevailed with me to go and spend a month or two in Paris in the spring of this year. I knew that my son loved me as well as French cookery—and my daughter nearly as well as a French gown: so I unfortunately and affectionately complied with their desire—and have repented it ever since. However, my journey has not been altogether thrown away, as it has reconverted Bob to beef, and as it gives me an opportunity of relating the wonders of French cookery—a matter which in all your articles upon the French you have unaccountably neglected. The subject strikes me as highly important in all points of view: and it is a favourite theory of mine that the manners and tastes of a nation may be known from their cookery even better than from the bumps on their heads. The French Revolution was no doubt brought about by the national fondness for necks of mutton and men à *Pecarlato*: and the national hatred to the English is still visible in their attempts to poison them with their dishes:—a consummation not at all to my taste, even with the prospect of being buried in *Père la Chaise*. As for me, I am a plain man, alderman and button-maker, and should prefer being interred in *Aldermanbury*.

It has long been the reproach of the French, and you are among those who have echoed it, that they are not a *poetical* people. But at least their *cooks* are. Must not a cook, Mr. Editor, be inflamed with the double fires of the kitchen and poetry, when he conceives the idea of fountains of love, starry anniseed, capons' wings in the sun, and eggs blushing like Aurora—followed (alas! what a terrible declension!) by eggs à *la Tripe*? I consider their beef in scarlet, their sauce in half mourning, and their white virgin beans, as examples of the same warm and culinary fancy.*

Their ingenuity is sometimes shown in the *invention* of new dishes, as well as in the epithets they attach to them—another poetical symptom. Not to say any thing of the vulgar plates of frogs, nettles, and thistles, what genius there is in the conception of a dish of breeches in the royal fashion, with velvet sauce—tendons of veal in a peacock's tail—and a shoulder of mutton in a balloon or a bagpipe! Sometimes their names are so fanciful as to be totally incomprehensible, especially if you look for them in a dictionary: such as a palace of beef in Cracovia—strawberries of veal—the

* Puits d'amour.—Anis étoilé.—Ailes de poularde au Soleil.—Œufs à l'Aurore.—Beuf à l'écarlate.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Haricots Vierges.

amorous smiles of a calf—a fleet with tomata sauce—and eggs in a looking-glass.*

But there are many of their dishes which are monstrous; and in my mind not only prove the French capability of eating poisons, but their strong tendency to cannibalism. Great and little asps—fowls done like lizards—hares like serpents—and pigeons like toads or basilisks—are all favourite dishes: as are also a hash of hunters, a stew of good Christians, a mouthful of ladies, thin Spanish women, and four beggars on a plate. One of their most famous sauces is *sauce Robert*, which I remember to have read of in Fairy Tales as the sauce with which the Ogres used to eat children. My daughter found one dish on the *carte* which alarmed us all—*Eglefin à la Hollandaise*: and after trying a long time, she remembered it was something like the name of somebody of whom she had taken lessons of memory. I suppose they had taken the poor devil from his name to be a Dutchman, and had accordingly drest him *à la Hollandaise*.†

They like liver of veal done to choke you, and pullets like ivory—so called, I suppose, from their toughness and hardness. Other dishes are, on the contrary, quite shadowy and unsubstantial: such as an embrace of a hare on the spit—partridge's shoe-soles—a dart and a leap of salmon—the breath of a rose—a whole jonquil—or biscuits that would have done honour to the Barmecide's feast‡.

The French have a way of serving up their dishes which is as extraordinary as the rest. What should *we* think of whittings in turbans—smelts in dice boxes—a skate buckled to capers—gooseberries in their shifts, and potatoes in their shirts? Should we not think any Englishman very filthy whose cook should send up cutlets in hair-papers—truffles in ashes—and squirted seed-cakes?—and whose dinner-bell should announce to us what they call a dingo-dong in a daub?§

The military dispositions of the French are discoverable even in their cookery. They have large and small bullets—carbonadoes innumerable—syrup of grenades—and quails in laurels: and I have often heard dishes called for, which sounded to my ear very like “ramrods for strangling,” and “bayonets for the gendarmes.”||

* Culotte à la Royale, sauce velouté.—Tendons de veau en queue de paon.—Epaule de mouton en ballon, en musette.—Palais de bœuf en Cracovie.—Fraises de veau.—Ris de veau en amourette.—Flotte, sauce Tomate.—Œufs au miroir.

† Grand et petit Aspic.—Poulet en lézard.—Lièvre en serpent.—Pigeon à la Crapaudine, en basilic.—Salmi de Chasseurs.—Compote de bons Chrétiens.—Bouchée de Dames.—Espagnoles maigres.—Quatre mendiants.

‡ Veau à l'étouffade.—Poulets à l'ivoire.—Accolade de lièvre à la Broche.—Semelles de Perdrix.—Une dard et un sauté de Saumon.—Souffle de rose.—Une jonquille entière.—Biscuits manqués.

§ Merlans en turban.—Eperlans en Cornets.—Raie bouclée aux câpres.—Gros-cailles et pommes de terre en chemise.—Cotelettes en papillotes.—Truffles à la cendre.—Massepains sringués.—Dindon en daube.

|| Gros et petits boulets.—Carbonades de mouton, &c.—Sirop de grenades.—Cailles aux lauriers. In the last two names our worthy correspondent probably alludes to Ramereaux à l'étouffade, and Beignets à la gendarme.

But I may easily have been mistaken in *French* words, when I can't understand what they call English ones—some of which seem to have undergone as complete a change by crossing the Channel, as most of our country women. Who could recognise, for example, in *wouvelche rabette*, *hochepot*, *panequet*, *misies paës*, *plomboudine*, or *make potetesse*, the primal and delightful sounds of Welch rabbit, hotch-potch, pancake, mince-pies, plumb-pudding, and mashed potatoes? But the French seem fond of far-fetched dishes: they get their thistles from Spain, and their cabbages from Brussels, and their artichokes from Barbary in Turkish turbans.*

The French boast that their language is the clearest in the world. I should like to know what they mean by a skate fried raw, or big little peaches?† I can easily comprehend *mouton à la Gasconne*, however: and an *epigramme d'agneau* is as insipid as a French epigram always is.

As I have got a corner of my paper still blank, my son Bob begs me to let him spoil it with a few verses which he says are *German* to French cookery: I therefore hasten to conclude my epistle with the expression of my best wishes, and the assurance that I am, with great esteem and respect, Sir, your very obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY WALKINSHAW,
Button-maker and Alderman.

Aldermanbury.

LE CUISINIER FRANÇAIS VERSÉ DR. KITCHINER.

It has often been printed in books,
And I'm going to say it once more,
That the French are a nation of cooks,—
Though I never believed it before.
But now I can make it quite clear—
For who but the devil's own legion
Would stew down a *virgin*, as here,
And broil out a *good Christian's* religion!‡

They say that John Bull o'er his beef
And his beer is a terrible glutton:
Does he eat *toads* and *asps*, or the *leaf*
Or the *roots* of an oak with his mutton?
Do *serpents* or *basilisks* crawl
From his kitchen to lie on his table?
Or *lizards* or *cats* does he call
By all the lost nicknames of Babel?§

* Cardons d'Espagne.—Choux de Bruxelles.—Artichauts de Barbarie en bonnet de Turc.

† Raie frite à cru.—Pêches grosses-mignones.

‡ Bob calls cooks "the devil's own legion," from the well-known fact of their being sent from even a hotter place than they occupy upon earth. He alludes in the last part of the verse to the kind of bean called *vierge*, which the French stew, and to the *bon Chrétien* grillé.

§ Pigeons à la crapaudine.—Aspic de veau.—Feuilletage.—Tendons de mouton aux racines.—Lièvre en serpent.—Pigeon en basilic.—Poulet en lézard.—Civet de lièvre.

We like our *Beef-eaters* in scarlet,
 Not our *beef*—nor the sauce in half-mourning :
 We don't eat a *Fanny* or *Charlotte*,
 Nor a mouthful of *ladies* each morning—
 (This it shocks all my senses to utter,
 Yet with Holy Writ truths you may rank it :)
 And they eat a *Ray* fried in black butter,
 And can make a meal on a fowl blanket.*
 If we don't like our *beef* in balloons,
 Or a shoulder of lamb in a bagpipe ;
 Sweet *wolves' teeth*, or twin macaroons,
 Or truffles which they with a rag wipe :
 If we don't look for eggs of *Aurora*,
 Nor *sheep's tails* prepared in the sun ;
 And prefer a boil'd cod far before a
 Tough skate which is only half done.†
 If we don't want our *veal* done to choke us,
 Nor *ivory fowls* on our dish :
 If *gendarmes* in all shapes should provoke us,
 And we like *Harvey's* sauce with our fish :
 If mutton and airs à la *Gasconne*
 Don't agree with the stomachs at all
 Of Englishmen—O need I ask one ?—
 Let us cut *Monsieur Véry's*, and Gaul.‡

Σ.

FROM THE TECHNICAL REPOSITORY.

ON A SIMPLE AND EFFECTUAL CURE FOR SMOKE.

THE following cure for smoke in a steam-engine chimney accidentally occurred to Mr. Marsh, Fire-Iron Maker, of the Priory, near Dudley, in Worcestershire. He employs a small steam engine to drive his lathes and other machinery for turning, grinding, and polishing his articles; the boiler of which is a round one: and having occasion to re-set it lately, he directed his boy to make a fire under it, the next morning, early: on looking out however, at that time, and seeing no smoke issue from the chimney, as usual, he concluded that the boy had overslept himself, and accordingly went himself to the mills. He found them at work, but still no smoke issued from the chimney: on this, he sent for the bricklayer who had done the work, and questioned him on this singular effect, but he was as unable as his employer to account for it. At length, and after much puzzling, the bricklayer recollected that he had omitted to stop up two holes, of the space of a single brick each, which he had accidentally left; leading, on opposite sides, from the fire-place

* *Beuf à l'écarlate*.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Fanchonnottes.—Charlotte de pommes.—Bouchée de Dames, a kind of cake.—Raie au beurre noir.—Blanquette de volaille.

† *Beuf en ballon*.—Epaule d'agneau en musette.—Dents de loup, a sort of biscuit.—Macarons jumeaux.—Truffes à la Serviette.—Œufs à l'Aurore.—Queues de mouton au Soleil.—Raie frite à cru.

‡ *Veau à l'étouffade*.—Poulets à l'ivoire.—Noix de veau à la gendarme.—Mouton à la Gasconne.

into the flue surrounding the boiler:—and to this, and we think justly, he attributed this fortunate result.

It appears that the flame from the fire-place, entering the flue in two opposite directions, had set fire to the smoke, and thus also converted it into flame: and although, in that neighbourhood, a little smoke is of no consequence, yet in the metropolis, and other large and populous towns, the removal of such a nuisance is an object of very considerable moment, and ought to be attempted in every possible way; and we think that this simple and easy remedy might prove effectual in a great many cases, and ought to be tried without delay.

SONNET TO A CHILD.

Thou darling child! When I behold the smile
Over thy rosy features brightly stray,
(Its light unrivall'd by the morning ray,
Thy fair and open brow upraised the while,
With an appealing glance so void of guile,
(Untaught the trusting bosom to betray;)—
Thy sinless graces win my soul away
From dreams and thoughts, that darken and defile!—
Scion of beauty! If a stranger's eye
Thus dwell upon thee; if his bosom's pain,
Charm'd by thine holy smile, forget to smart,
O! how unutterably sweet *her* joy!
Oh! how indissolubly firm the chain,
Whose links of love entwine a *Mother's heart*!

L. D.

SONNET.

The Summer sun had set!—The blue mist sail'd
Along the twilight lake,—no sounds arose,
Save such as hallow Nature's sweet repose,
And charm the ear of Peace! Young Zephyr hail'd
In vain the slumbering Echo!—In the grove
The song of night's lone bard, sweet Philomel,
Broke not the holy calm; the soft notes fell
Like the low whisper'd vows of timid love!
I paused in adoration,—and such dreams
As haunt the pensive soul, intensely fraught
With silent incommunicable thought,
And sympathy profound, with fitful gleams,
Caught from the memory of departed years,
Flash'd on my mind, and woke luxurious tears!

L. D.

I envy thee, thou careless wind,
So light, so wild, thy wandering,
Thou hast no earthly chain to bind
One fetter on thine airy wing;—
I envy thee, thou careless wind!
The flower's first sigh of blossoming,
The harp's soft note, the woodlark's song,
All unto thee their treasures bring,
All to thy fairy reign belong;—
I envy thee, thou careless wind!
Thy jocund wing o'er ocean roves,
An echo to the sea-maid's lay;
Then, over rose and orange groves,
Thy fragrant breath exhales away;—
I envy thee, thou careless wind!

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Examen; or, an Inquiry into the Credit and Veracity of a pretended Complete History; showing the perverse and wicked Design of it, and the many Falsities and Abuses of Truth contained in it. Together with some Memoirs occasionally inserted. All tending to vindicate the Honour of the late King Charles II., and his happy Reign, from the intended aspersions of that foul Pen. By the Hon. ROGER NORTH. London, 1690.

THIS is one of the most striking and melancholy proofs, that exist in print, how incapable contemporaries are of forming a right judgment, and obtaining just views of transactions, which even pass before their eyes, or within their hearing. Here is a man of no ordinary abilities, quick, intelligent, and honest,—with no more or stronger prejudices, we imagine, than fall to the lot of the generality of men, and who, from his connexion with some principal actors on the then stage of the world, had more than common opportunities of right information, has written a bulky quarto volume of near seven hundred pages to disprove facts, which the course of time has incontrovertibly established.

As a book of political and historical information, it is too decidedly a party work to be of much value, and as our knowledge has far outgrown the author's, and we are in possession of the undisputed truth of most of the facts about which he reasons, it were a loss of time and labour to examine minutely the grounds, or weigh the value, of his argument. But the course of the reader's progress through the volume (if he have the patience, which we confess we had not, to pursue it diligently) will be strewn with many just observations, many incidental truths, many pieces of correct information, relating to private persons and minor transactions, and many specimens of ingenious reasoning, worthy of a better cause.

The author too has occasionally described persons and things with great truth and effect; and we every now and then, through the complicated web of the argument, gain a near view of some celebrated character, which goes far to repay the reader for much weary and unprofitable travel. For instance, if he have any curiosity to know how the Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury ordered his procession to Westminster-hall, on the first day of term, he will find the adventures that befel that grave cavalcade told with a good deal of harmless mirth.

"His lordship had an early fancy, or rather freak, the first day of the term, (when all the officers of the law, king's counsel and judges, used to wait upon the great seal to Westminster-hall,) to make this procession on horseback, as in old time the way was, when coaches were not so rife. And accordingly the judges, &c. were spoken to, to get horses, as they and all the rest did, by borrowing and hiring, and so equipped themselves with black foot-cloths, in the best manner they could: and divers of the nobility, as usual, in compliance and honour

to a new lord chancellor, attended also in their equipments. Upon notice in town of this cavalcade, all the show company took their places at windows and balconies, with the foot-guard in the streets, to partake of the fine sight, and, being once well settled for the march, it moved, as the design was, stately along. But when they came to straights and interruptions, for want of gravity in the beasts, and too much in the riders, there happened some curvetting, which made no little disorder. Judge Twisden, to his great affright, and the consternation of his grave brethren, was laid along in the dirt: but all, at length, arrived safe, without loss of life or limb in the service. This accident was enough to divert the like frolic for the future, and the very next term they fell to their coaches as before."

If he would know in what dress the chancellor sat to administer equity, he will here find a full description of it, together with some few particulars which concerned that nobleman's inner man. His lordship, he tells us, was of a free air, ready apprehension, witty in his conceits and turns of speech;

"And regarded censure so little, that he did not concern himself to use a decent habit, as became a judge of his station. For he sat upon the bench in an ash-coloured gown, silver-laced, and full-ribboned pantaloons displayed, without any black at all in his gait, unless it were his hat, which, now, I cannot say positively, though I saw him, was so. He was a little man, and appeared more like an university nobleman than an high chancellor of England. And whether out of inclination, custom, or policy, I will not determine, it is certain he was not behind-hand with the court, in the modish pleasures of the time, and to what excess of libertinism they were commonly grown, is no secret."

His majesty King Charles, who must be allowed to have been an able judge of the matter, placed Shaftesbury in no inferior rank among the profligates of the day. "I believe," said he, "Shaftesbury, thou art the wickedest dog in England." "May it please your Majesty," replied the statesman, dutifully yielding up the post of honour, "of a *subject*, I believe I am."

The author, who has taken the very worst view of his character, and recorded every thing bad of him that he had heard, seen, or could rake up, says, that if Shaftesbury was a friend to any human being besides himself, he believes it was to King Charles, whose gaiety, breeding, wit, good humour, familiarity, and disposition to enjoy the pleasures of society and greatness, engaged him very much, that had a great share of wit, agreeableness, and gallantry himself. But the superiority he claimed spoiled all; his Majesty would not always be influenced by him, but would take short turns on his toe, and so frustrate his projects; and finding by that he could not work under him, he strove, if possible, to reduce his authority, and get above him. It seems, by what was given out, that he would not have hurt the king personally, but kept him tame in a cage, with his ordinary pleasures about him.

We do not wonder that Shaftesbury should have regarded Charles with some sort of personal affection, if the account we have read of the mode of his removal from office have any truth in it. A number of his political enemies were assembled in the anti-chamber to witness his going to surrender the seals, and anticipating the triumph of seeing him return deprived of the badges of his office. Shaftesbury, who observed this, resolved to deprive them of this expected enjoyment, and give them, like the flying Parthian,

a panic even in his retreat. He begged of the king that he might be allowed to carry the seals before him to chapel, and send them to him afterwards from his house, in order that he might not appear to be dismissed with contempt. "Codfish," replied Charles, "I will not do it with any circumstance that looks like an affront." Having conversed, for a length of time, upon such gay topics as usually amused the king, his adversaries, who had been all the while on the rack of expectation, were at length greeted with the sight of the king and his chancellor, issuing forth together, smiling, and apparently upon the best possible terms. His expected successor and enemies were inconsolable; they concluded nothing less, than that Shaftesbury's peace was made. After enjoying this triumph, the ex-chancellor returned the seals to the king.

We have stated that the present does not appear to us a successful vindication of the king's character; less because it is not ably and cleverly conducted, than because we are of opinion, that no vindication whatever could possibly be successful. It is a subject which has employed alike both friends and foes; and has, in every instance, been drawn with some degree of fondness or resentment. The Marquis of Halifax has handed down to us a portrait of the master he served, and the wittiest of monarchs, as might naturally be expected, has been cleverly drawn by the wittiest of statesmen. We think his representation, however, as well as that of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, far too general, as well as too partially coloured, to convey to the reader an adequate or just conception of the original. Mr. Hume has taken their view of the subject; and throughout the history of this reign, evinces an evident partiality for the good-natured monarch. He seizes every opportunity of commendation, deals his censures sparingly, and by the composure with which he relates acts of dishonesty or violence, would seem as if he wished to diminish in his readers the sense of their enormity. Bishop Burnet, on the other hand, uses the darkest colours he can find, and these unsparingly; and dashes out a rough portrait of the king, at least as like the original, as the Saracen's ferocious head, which hangs on the sign-post, is to the Saracen of real life. It is not our purpose to take our trial in drawing the bow, with which so many, if they have succeeded in bending it all, have yet shot wide of the mark. We would rather, with the reader's approbation, throw together such notices illustrative of Charles's character, as the present work may furnish, and supply the deficiency, by having recourse to Clarendon, Burnet, Temple, Evelyn, and other contemporary writers, without caring to be particularly regular or connected. We know no better method of catching a fair view, and fixing in our minds a just conception of Charles's variable character; which, whenever we have considered it, has tempted us to exclaim—

Quo teneam vulgus mutantem Proteo nodo.

We shall not attempt to follow any systematic plan, or regular

method; but string our observations together in the best order we can.

The claim of Charles to be considered as a man of extreme good nature and amiable temper has been so universally allowed, that among the various epithets by which we are fond of distinguishing him from his brother kings, that of the good natured monarch, appears to have obtained a sort of pre-eminence. There have not been wanting, however, writers, to question, and even deny his right to this distinction; among the latter is Lord Orrery, who says, that our historians, in representing him as a good-natured man, have ignorantly, or rather wilfully, mistaken good-humour and affability for tenderness and good-nature, "neither of which last are to be reckoned among this monarch's virtues." How far he is justly or at all entitled to the reputation of a virtue, for which royalty has not been usually found the most favourable soil, the following particulars of his conduct in the various relations of life, may serve to inform us.

"There was a lady," says Lord Clarendon, "of youth and beauty, with whom the king had lived in great and notorious familiarity from the time of his coming into England." This however underwent the less reproach from the king's being young and vigorous, and upon a full presumption, that when he should be married, he would confine himself within the bounds of virtue and innocence. He was "piously sensible, too, of the infinite obligations he had to God Almighty, and that he expected another kind of return from him in purity of mind and integrity of life." Moreover, he had been heard to speak of the excess which a neighbour king had permitted himself, in making his mistress live, at court, in the queen's presence, as a piece of ill nature that he himself could never be guilty of—"that if he should ever act so ill as to keep a mistress, after he had a wife, which he hoped he never should, he would never add *that* to the vexation of which she would be sure to have enough."

Fair promises! and, at least, as faithfully observed as they were sincerely made. When the queen, who had wit and beauty enough to make herself agreeable to the king, came to Hampton Court, she brought with her the resolution never to suffer the lady, who was so much spoken of, to be in her presence. "Her mother," she said, "had enjoined her to do so." On the other hand, the king thought he had prepared matters so well, that within a day or two after her arrival, he himself led the lady into the presence chamber, and presented her to the queen, who received her with the same grace as she had done the rest. But whether her majesty in the instant knew who she was, or upon recollection found it out afterwards, she was no sooner sat in her chair, but her colour changed, and tears gushed out of her eyes, and her nose bled, and she fainted.

The king was mightily indignant to have such an earnest of defiance given him in the face of the whole court, on the great ques-

tion of nuptial supremacy, on which head he was understood to be the most positive man alive.

From that time he forebore her society, and sought ease and refreshment in that jolly company, to which he grew every day more addicted; and though never man's nature was "more remote from roughness or hard-heartedness," he was yet resolved to vindicate his royal jurisdiction, and make it manifest to the world, that "he would not be governed."

He had been lately reading too a book newly printed at Paris, called the *Amours of Henry IV.*; and resolved to make his grandfather's example the rule of his own conduct. One night, in particular, the fire flamed higher than ever: "the king reproached the queen with stubbornness and want of duty, and she him with tyranny and want of affection;—he used threats and menaces, which he never intended to put in execution, and she talked loudly how ill she was treated, and that she would return again to Portugal. He replied, that she would do well first to know, whether her mother would receive her: and he would give her a fit opportunity to know that, by sending to their home all her Portuguese servants." The noise of this contention was so loud, as to be overheard by many; and their mutual carriage next day confirmed all that had been heard or imagined. "They spake not, hardly looked on one another.—The queen sat melancholic in her chamber in tears,—and he sought his diversions in that company, that said and did all things to please him; and there he spent all the nights." When they happened to be together, he did not address her, but amused himself with the conversation of people, who made it their "business to laugh at all the world, and who were as bold with God Almighty, as with any of his creatures." The Portuguese were shipped off without remorse, and without delay; only upon the queen's entreaty, "that she might not be wholly left in the hands of strangers," a certain old Countess Penalva, who scarce stirred out of her chamber from ill-health, was permitted to remain. All this time "the lady" came to court,—was lodged there,—was every day in the queen's presence,—and the king in continual conference with her; whilst the queen sat unnoticed; "and if she rose at the indignity, and retired into her chamber, it may be one or two attended her, but all the company remained in the room she left, and too often said those things aloud, which nobody ought to have whispered." In the beginning of the conflict the king's face had been cloudy, and his countenance sad, as if he regretted its having proceeded so far; until now chafed with the reproach of being governed, he suppressed every appearance of concern, and appeared every day more gay and pleasant. Whether his good humour were affected or feigned, to the queen it appeared real, and made her only the more sensible "that she alone was left out in all jollities, and not suffered to have any part of those pleasant applications and caresses which she saw used to almost every body else." Mirth reigned in every company but in hers,

and in all places but in her chamber. Her own servants showed more respect and more diligence to the person of "the lady," than towards their own mistress; who, they found, could do them less good. All these mortifications were too heavy to be borne: so that, at last, she suddenly let herself fall, first to conversation—then to familiarity—and, finally, to a confidence with "the lady;" was merry with her in public, talked kindly of her, and in private behaved to no one else in a more friendly manner. Alas! poor lady—this change of behaviour and low demeanour, were so far from winning, as she had doubtless hoped, the king's good graces, that he concluded all her former aversion was merely feigned, and acted to the life, by a nature crafty and perverse. He congratulated his own ill-natured perseverance, by which he had discovered what remedy to apply to all future indispositions. How bent the king was upon reducing the poor queen to the humiliation, for which, when it at length took place, he heartily despised her, may be seen from the following extract of a letter to Lord Clarendon, dated Hampton Court. It expresses any thing but good nature or kind feeling. "And now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good counsel in it, least you may think that, by making a farther stir in the business, you may divert me from my resolution; which all the world shall never do: and I wish I may be unhappy in this world, and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I have resolved, which is, of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber: and whosoever I find use any endeavours to hinder this resolution of mine, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life." In such a way could this good-natured monarch, at a time too, when neither age nor vexation could be alleged to have corroded his temper, treat a defenceless woman, whose only crime was a claim to conduct herself worthily of the character and station of his wife.

"Michal of royal blood, the crown did wear,
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care;"

and though the good chancellor thought her agreeable enough in person, yet, in the eyes of others, she was a woman of but a mean appearance, and no very pleasant temper; fond too of dancing to a ridiculous excess, and so bigotted, that at her marriage, she would neither repeat the words of matrimony, nor bear the sight of the archbishop.* But, as the editor of Dryden (Sir Walter Scott) has justly observed, on the lines above quoted, loving a ball is not a capital sin, "even in a person, whose figure excluded her from the hopes of gracing it; that a Princess of Portugal must be a Catholic, if she had any religion at all; and finally, that to bear children, it is necessary some one should take the trouble of getting them."†

In justice, however, to Charles, it must be allowed, that after his wife had ceased to thwart or interfere with his own pleasures,

* Burnet.

† Scott's Dryden, vol. ix.

he at least treated her with decent civility, if he could not, or cared not to command for her the respect of others. This, perhaps, the levity of her own conduct, more than his neglect of her, made impossible. She entered into all the extravagance of the court, and went about masqued with the king and others; going into houses unknown, and dancing there with a great deal of wild frolic. They were carried about in hackney chairs; and, on one occasion, her chairman, ignorant who she was, having left her by herself, she was reduced to return to Whitehall in a hackney coach,—nay, some said, in a cart. The lord chamberlain told her it was neither decent nor safe to go about in such a manner; for the Duke of Buckingham, it seems, (who could conceal nothing) had let out, that he had proposed a mad scheme to the king about stealing her away, and sending her to a plantation.—But the king had said “it was a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable, only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers.”*

But it was during the heat of the popish plot, that his conduct towards her was such as most nearly to compensate for that injurious treatment, which she experienced from him in the first year of their marriage. The most impudent villain that ever perjured himself in a court of justice,—Titus Oates, had had the audacity to accuse her of poisoning the king, and even to go to the bar of the House of Commons, and cry “Aye, Taitus Oates, accuse Catherine, Quean of England, of haigh treason!” Upon this *the king put him under confinement, and it might have gone worse with him*, but that it gave umbrage to some, who were too considerable to be set at defiance. “They think,” said Charles, “I have a mind to a new wife, but, for all that, I will not see an innocent woman abused.” In a conversation he had with Burnet, who used frequently, about this time, December of 1678, to wait upon him, at Chiffinch’s, a page of the back stairs, and converse with him on the subject of the plot, he acquainted him with the whole affair. He said, “she was a weak woman, and had some disagreeable humours, but was not capable of a wicked thing, and considering his faultiness towards her in other things, he thought it a horrid thing to abandon her. He said he looked on falsehood and cruelty as the greatest crimes in the sight of God; he knew he had led a bad life, but he was breaking himself of all his faults, and he would never do a base or wicked thing.”

Burnet says, that he made no mention whatever of the queen on his death-bed; but, according to another account,† she sent a message, requesting he would pardon her, if she had ever given him offence. “Alas, poor lady! she never offended me; I have too often offended her,” was the dying man’s reply. These are redeeming touches!

The right reverend historian, who has given his character such

* Burnet.

† North’s *Examen*.

a dark and sanguinary aspect, declares, that though he had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment, he had no touch nor tenderness in his nature. But the very affecting account which he has himself given of Charles's dying requests to his brother, prove him mistaken, and makes one marvel not a little at the good bishop's obtuseness of feeling. "A little before he died, he gathered all his strength to speak his last words to the duke, to which every one hearkened with great attention. He expressed his kindness to him, and that he now delivered all over to him with great joy. He recommended lady Portsmouth over and over again to him. He said, he had always loved her, and he loved her now to the last; and besought the Duke, in as melting words as he could fetch out, to be very kind to her and her son. He recommended his other children to him, and concluded, *Let not poor Nelly starve*—that was, Mrs. Gwyn."* This recommending his mistresses to his brother's care, has greatly scandalized the historian: "it would have been a strange conclusion," he adds, "to any other's life, but was well enough united to all the other parts of his." The observations of Mr. Fox on this subject, must be too well known to need repetition here;—in that most feeling and Christian passage, the illustrious statesman has taught a noble lesson of candour and charity to the reverend divine.

Charles was never seen so much troubled in his whole life, as he was on the occasion of his youngest brother's death, whom he most tenderly loved; and yet, says Burnet, "those who knew him best, thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother." It is true he was fond enough of balancing party against party, and keeping one set of men in check by the awe inspired by another; but this was only in great state moves; and he was the most unlikely man in the world, to carry this system of trimming into the security, repose, and slipshod negligence of his private life. He would have said, it is not worth a man's while to live, if he must live by method, and be at the trouble to measure his daily actions, and moderate his expressions by the rule of his interests. In what the historian adds, there is a palpable contradiction, arising merely from the use of too strong a term,—a fault by no means of rare occurrence in the works of the right reverend author. He says, he *hated* this surviving brother, and "yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him." In our opinion, he neither hated nor loved his brother. Hatred, indeed, of any person or thing, was not a passion in which he appears to have willingly or gratuitously indulged,—it was an inmate too troublesome and incommoding to find quarter in the breast of one, who was too fond of eradicating

* Dalrymple's *Memoirs*. And this account is confirmed by Evelyn, who says, "He entreated the queen to pardon him (not without cause) who, a little before, had sent a bishop to excuse her not more frequently visiting him, in regard of her excessive grief, and that his majesty would forgive her, if at any time she had offended him."

from it the most necessary cares, to be likely to plant therein any that were additional or supererogatory. He probably despised his brother's taste and understanding too much: his own vacillating temper was too much awed by the other's stubborn resolution, to feel any thing like affection for him; but this does not prove that Charles was incapable of feeling, so much as that James himself was not a character to be loved. We can very easily imagine that when the stress of the times compelled them to separate, the duke would shed abundance of tears at parting, though the king shed none,* (about the "store of parting tears," however authors differ, some say the emotion testified was mutual and alike,) without impeaching the latter of want of natural affection. His love for the Duke of Monmouth seems to have been invariable, and superior to all the trials to which the behaviour of that nobleman subjected it in different occasions of life. "I observed," says Sir W. Temple, "the great affection his majesty had to the Duke of Monmouth, and saw plainly the use his grace intended to make of it."

During all the uproar occasioned by the *pretended plot*,† for which Lord Russel suffered, though Monmouth was proclaimed a traitor, and his name appeared in every gazette, the king still passionately loved him, and was easily so far mollified, by the good offices of Lord Halifax, as to restore him again to favour. The great obstacle to their reconciliation was the confession, which the king required of him: he promised, indeed, that no use should be made of it, but he still insisted upon his son's telling him the whole truth. To his brother he said not a word about the matter, till the very day before he made known their reconciliation to the world; when he received him with a fondness that confounded all the duke's party. He said then, that *James* (so he called his son) had confirmed all that Howard had sworn on the trial; to which Monmouth said little, till his pardon was made out, and then openly denied that he had confessed the plot. The king then ordered him to give a confession of it under his hand, and Lord Halifax, by a great deal of persuasion, got him to write a letter to that effect, by which the latter was satisfied. But the Duke of Monmouth reflecting on what he had done, thought it a base thing; so he went full of uneasiness to the king, and desired he might have his letter again, in terms of an agony like despair. The king gave it him back, but pressed him vehemently to comply with his desire; and among other things, the Duke of Monmouth said, that the king used this expression:—"If you do not yield in this, James, you will ruin me." Yet Monmouth was firm; so the king forbid him the court, and spoke of him more severely than he had ever done before.‡

The Earl of Portland told Burnet, that the king showed the Prince of Orange one of his seals, and said to him, that whatever he might write to him, if the letter was not sealed with that seal,

* Burnet.

† The expression of Evelyn.

‡ Burnet.

he was to look on it as only drawn from him by importunity. Now, though he wrote the prince some terrible letters, against the countenance given by the latter to the Duke of Monmouth, yet they were not sealed with that seal, from which the prince inferred, that he had still a mind he should keep his son about him, and use him well. And it is certain, that in all the entries that were made in the council-books about the affair of the Rye-house plot, the king gave orders that nothing should be left on record that would blemish his son. That he should say nothing respecting him in his parting recommendations to his brother,* may be easily supposed, and the reason explained; he knew James too well, and the obduracy of his stubborn temper, to hope any such recommendation would be effectual.

But it was within the sphere of domestic life alone that his affections appeared to have circulated with any strength or rapidity of current. Few are the instances of any thing like genuine good-nature exhibited to persons who were remote from his presence, or unconnected with the daily routine of his own pleasures and amusements; whilst many particulars remain on record, which seem to imply a capability of being revengeful and even malignant.

The bill of indemnity, passed at the beginning of his reign, appears to have originated less in any disposition to clemency, than in a firm conviction of its being essential to his personal safety. There lay still encamped on Blackheath, the formidable army that had wrought his father's destruction; and he well knew, how united soever their acclamations seemed, that their affections were far from being the same. The diseases and convulsions their infant loyalty was subject to, were too many not to make him fear, that the discontent and murmuring that was in it might soon break out into acts of open violence; "and the very countenances of many officers, as well as soldiers, did sufficiently manifest that they were drawn thither to a service, in which they took no great delight."[†] But there was no attempt to be made towards disbanding the army, until the act of indemnity should be passed.—"This was the *remora* in all the counsels; and until that was done, no man could say that he dwelt at home, nor the king think himself in any good posture of security."[‡] He possesses with some the credit of having softened the rigid letter of the law, and even among his father's judges of having distinguished Ingoldsby and others as fit objects of mercy. He went to the house of peers, who seemed to demur at thus being deprived of an opportunity of paying off old scores, and in the most affecting terms besought them to extend the benefit of the bill to all who had not been the immediate instruments of his father's death. But we must not forget, that it was his own cause he pleaded—that it was his own safety that was compromised by the impolitic delays of parliament. The credit to which, after all, he might have laid claim on the score of the lenity exhibited in

* Evelyn.

† Clarendon.

‡ Ibid.

the bill, is entirely done away, we think, by his evident disposition to transgress it, where that could be done without danger to himself. In the unjustifiable execution of Sir Henry Vane, he appears to have taken even a personal concern, as is clear from the following extract of a letter of his to the chancellor, dated Hampton Court.—“The relation that hath been made to me of Sir H. Vane’s carriage yesterday in the hall, is the occasion of this letter—if he has given new occasion to be hanged, certainly he is too dangerous a man to let live, if we can honestly put him out of the way. Think of this, and give me some account of it to-morrow: till when I have no more to say to you.”* The behaviour of Sir H. Vane, to which the king alludes, was only that of a free man, and worthy the cause to which he had devoted himself. The spot, too, that was selected for the execution of the regicides, Charing Cross, in the king’s presence, and under his very nose, seems to have been chosen with a view to the gratification of a not very amiable triumph. “I saw not their execution,” says Evelyn, “but met their quarters mangled and cut, and reeking as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle.”

In Scotland, which lay more at his mercy, his humanity and the goodness of his nature had a wider field for displaying themselves, had they dwelt in any great force or strength within his own breast. Distance of place, it may be said, makes a material difference in regard to our feelings, and the miseries we only hear detailed have much less effect upon us than those which fall under our own observation; but he can have no just pretensions to be considered as a humane and feeling man, for whom we are obliged to frame such an excuse. It may be said, also, that the atrocities which were committed were done in consequence of orders, wrested from their proper acceptation to serve the ends of a ferocious party, or even without order at all. But why then were the ministers of these cruelties retained in office? and why, when they had successors given them, were the latter only more tyrannical and refined in their barbarities than those whom they succeeded? We fear, the king’s pleasure was only too well understood, through the medium of that merciful and conciliatory style, which the pressure of the times sometimes compelled him to adopt. “The dial spake not, but it made shrewd signs;” and Lauderdale was not a man on whom such hints could be thrown away. Unfortunately, too, we are sometimes able to trace these monstrous proceedings to their very source, and find them flowing from the king’s own order, signed by his own hand. “I have now before me,” says Mr. Mallet, “the copy of a warrant, signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them, without process or conviction: and I know that the original is still kept in the secretary’s office for that part of the united kingdom.”† After the fight at Bothwell Bridge, it had been objected to the Duke of Monmouth, that in putting a stop to

* Harris’s *Life of King Charles II.*† *Ibid.*

the execution which his men were doing on the flying covenanters, he had neglected the king's service, and courted the people. In this strain did the Duke of York talk of it; and Charles himself said to him, "that if he had been there, they should not have had the trouble of prisoners." Monmouth replied, "he could not kill men in cold blood—that was work only for butchers."*

If we may believe the author of the *Examen*, the severity of government in their proceedings on the occasion of that insurrection, is to be attributed to the counsels and remonstrances of Lauderdale. There had been a council held to deliberate on the measures necessary to be adopted, in which a power to fight or treat with the insurgents had been committed to the Duke of Monmouth, as general; "for why," said the good-natured persons at the board, "should the blood of those deluded miserales be spilt, if they are willing to lay down their arms, on fit terms?"

"Very few, if any, spoke to the contrary, and the Duke of Lauderdale, whose chief case it was, said not one word; and so the orders were taken to be fixed, and the party advices to friends abroad went forth accordingly. When the king rose from council, the Duke of Lauderdale followed him into the bed-chamber, where, having him alone, he asked his majesty if he intended to follow his father? Why? said the king. Because, sir, said the duke, you have given the general orders to treat; the consequence of which is encouraging and enlarging the rebellion in Scotland, and raising another, by concert, in England, and then you are lost; therefore, if you do not change your orders, and send them positive to fight, and not to treat, the mischief that befel your father, in like case, will overtake you. Why did you not, said the king, urge this in council? The duke answered suddenly, *Were not your enemies in the room?* This touched the King so sensibly, that getting the better of his propensity to favour and trust the Duke of Monmouth, he caused the orders to be altered and made as the lord commissioner advised; and, withal, adding this instruction, that the orders were not to be opened, but at a council of war in sight of the enemy; and this was done so privately, that none of the faction so much as smelt it out."—*Examen*, p. 81, 82.

How far the burden of these enormities is to be taken off the king's, and laid on the memory of Lauderdale, can hardly be ascertained; it is certain that, on a former and similar occasion, Charles acted with more lenity and human feeling. After the fight at Pentland hills, several years before, he showed himself more gentle to the prisoners taken there, than was quite acceptable to the bishops and the high-flying party. He wrote them a letter, in which he approved of what they had done, but added, "he thought there was blood enough shed."† We mention this as one of the few instances which occur of his interfering, with a mild and beneficent purpose, in the concerns of a people, whose only crime was that of hating oppression, whilst they loved the Stuarts, their oppressors, only too well.

Burnet says, he was apt to forgive all crimes, even *blood* itself; yet that he never forgave any thing that was done against himself, after his first general act of indemnity; and we believe the imputation to be more or less true. His suffering the rigour of the law to proceed against offenders, and even against those, "in whose

* Burnet.

† Ibid.

cases, the lawyers, according to their wonted custom, had used sometimes a great deal of hardship and severity," is imputed by the Duke of Buckingham (Sheffield) to his sense of justice, and not to any want of clemency. We are for ascribing it neither to the one nor the other, but simply to the habit of letting all things, and the law among the rest, take their course, without caring a thought on the matter. However harsh the sentence might be, his sense of mercy or justice was not sufficiently active to rouse him into taking measures to prevent its execution; but, if assailed by petitions and solicitation, he lacked his brother's dogged resolution, and had as much difficulty in saying no, as any person of whom we have read. To this facility of temper, we attribute those instances of forgiveness, to which Burnet has alluded, and thus reconcile two accounts, which at first sight appear somewhat contradictory. That he could, in the pursuit of tyrannical and vindictive measures, be proof against all solicitations, we have a signal instance, in that illustrious victim of falsehood and illegality, the Lord Russel. All the efforts that could be made, would, we are sure, be exerted in behalf of one, in whose life the happiness of so many noble and dignified persons was wrapped up; but both the king and the duke were immoveable in their resolution; yet with this difference, as Lord Rochester afterwards told Burnet, that the king could not bear the discourse, nor any mention of the subject, but that the duke, the same man who afterwards allowed a nephew, the son of a most kind brother, to hang at his knees, whilst knowing within his secret mind, that the tongue, which sued for mercy, would, in a very few hours, be fixed in death, the duke suffered some, among whom he himself was one, to argue the point with him; moreover moved, it is said, that Lord Russel might be executed in Southampton-square, before his own house; but the king rejected that as indecent. Slight amelioration of the most oppressive cruelty! Nor are we sure, that the mitigation of the sentence, accompanied as it was, with an expression of rancorous and vindictive meaning, can be considered as making at all in his favour. "Lord Russel shall find," said he, when he gave orders for commuting the penalty of treason, "that I have the privilege which he was pleased to deny that I possessed." How far Charles was himself cheated by the fabrications and falsehoods of Howard, and other witnesses, we leave to others to decide: at all events, it must be confessed, that he acted his part well. "The public," says Evelyn, "was now in great consternation on the late plot and conspiracy; his majesty very melancholy, and not stirring without double guards; all the avenues and private doors about Whitehall and the park shut up; few admitted to walk in it; the papists, in the mean time, very jocund, and indeed with reason, seeing their own plot brought to nothing and turned to ridicule, and now a conspiracy of protestants, as they called them."

It must be confessed, that Charles, when he was in a pardoning humour, showed great discrimination in the choice of objects, in

whose favour to exercise the divine prerogative of kings. Lord Russel, indeed, must undergo the punishment of the law; but the king, whose nature was always inclined to mercy, said, "that if the lords were satisfied that *West* had told all he knew, there was no reason to hang *him*, because he knew no more; and if men were to be saved for the weight of their discovery, and not for the ingenuousness of it, it might be a means to make a man invent false accusations, which would be mischievous and wicked."* There is great truth in this observation of the king's, and we quarrel not therefore, with this exertion of his prerogative, though in behalf of a most atrocious scoundrel. But we wonder much what consideration it was, which operated so powerfully in his royal breast, as to make him anxious to spare the life of the most notorious villain, that ever filched a purse or cut a throat. The following extract from *Evelyn's Journal* will explain to whom we allude.

"March 10, 1671.—Dined at Mr. Treasurer's, where dined Monsieur De Gramont, and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent bold fellow, who had not long before attempted to steal the imperial crown itself out of the Tower, pretending only curiosity of seeing the regalia there, when, stabbing the keeper, though not mortally, he boldly went away with it through all the guards, taken only by the accident of his horse falling down. How he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. Some believed he became a spy of several parties, being well with the sectaries and enthusiasts, and did his majesty services that way, which none alive could do so well as he; but it was certainly as the boldest attempt, so the only treason of this sort that was ever pardoned. The man had not only a daring but a villainous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well spoken, and dangerously insinuating."

The author of the *Examen* alludes to another of this worthy person's most egregious enormities in a passage, from which it would seem that Blood was, at the time of the popish plot, a true blue protestant. "And here the good Colonel Blood, that stole the Duke of Ormond, and if a timely rescue had not come in, had hanged him at Tyburn, and afterwards stole the crown, though he was not so happy as to carry it off,—no player at small games; he, even he, the virtuous Colonel, as this *sham-plot* says, was to have been destroyed by the papists. It seems these papists would let no eminent protestants be safe. It had been strange if so much mischief had been stirring, and he not come in for a snack." Well, this distinguished person, was, for some reason or other, deemed by his majesty, such a fit object of royal mercy, that he was even at the trouble of sending to the Duke of Ormond, to desire his concurrence in the grace that was meant to be extended to his assassin. To this overture the duke replied, with dignity, that, "if his majesty could forgive him the stealing of his crown, he might easily pardon the assault on my life." His son, the gallant Ossory, did not so view this unusual extension of royal mercy, with the like equanimity. One day, being in the presence, and seeing the

* North's *Examen*.

Duke of Buckingham there, whom he suspected, with reason, of having instigated the ruffian to the attempt, he said aloud, "that if his father came to a violent end, he should be at no loss to know the author—should consider Buckingham as the murderer, and pistol him, if he stood behind the king's chair."—He added, that he told him this, in the king's presence, that he might be sure he should keep his word. We are informed by Mr. Hume, that Charles carried his kindness to Blood still farther—that he granted him an estate of five hundred pounds a year—encouraged his attendance about his person, and showed him great countenance, so that many applied to him for promoting their pretensions at court. "And while old Edwards, who had bravely ventured his life, and been wounded in defending the crown and regalia, was forgotten and neglected; this man, who deserved only to be stared at, and detested as a monster, became a species of favourite."* Surely this perversion of all the principles of justice and mercy deserves to be stigmatized by a stronger term, than that by which the historian has designated it: it is an *error*, which might have excused him, if in recounting it, he had for once lost sight of his never-failing philosophical composure.

It is possible that his majesty himself, as well as his friend the Duke of Buckingham, might have occasion for the services of Colonel Blood, if he was in the habit of taking such severe revenge for light offences, as the following well authenticated anecdote, would seem to intimate. Sir John Coventry, having moved in the house of commons for an imposition on the play-houses, Sir John Berkenhead, to excuse them, said, they had been of great service to the king. Upon which Sir John Coventry desired that gentleman to explain, "whether he meant the men or women players?"† This saying was carried with great indignation to court: it was said, that it would prove a fashion to reflect upon the king, if such a severe notice were not taken of this, as to deter any one from talking at that rate for the future. The Duke of York told Burnet, that he said all he could to divert his majesty from the resolution he took, which was, to send some of the guards, and watch in the streets where Sir John lodged, and leave such a mark on him, as should be "a just revenge for injured fame." In a word, they slit his nose to the bone, to teach him what respect he owed the king's majesty. From this atrocious deed, perpetrated by the order of a king, upon the person of a subject, we derive at least one benefit; namely, the Coventry act, which makes cutting and maiming the person, with intent to disfigure, felony, without benefit of clergy. It would seem, by this act, with whatever good humour Charles ordinarily bore even the most cutting retorts, he could be roused into anger, when the persons, by whom they were made, happened to be offensive to him on other accounts. This was, indeed, the tiger stroke of fell and savage purpose, when, in the midst of his

* Carte's *Ormond*.

† Andrew Marvel.

fawning and fascinating play, the young monster of the jungle unsheathes his claws, and, quick as lightning, darts them into the secure and confiding arm of him who is caressing him. Indeed, so much is it at variance with the usual tenor of Charles's general bearing and demeanour, among the great liberties he allowed to all persons with whom he had any intercourse, that we could be led almost to discredit the truth of the fact, if we had not too great a respect for the word of the right reverend historian, who affirms that he had it from the king's own brother. And from other accounts it is clear, if the king did not order the execution of the deed, he at least countenanced and protected those who had perpetrated it. Besides, the story is too much akin to another related of his behaviour to Lord Mulgrave, who was suspected of entertaining an undue attachment to the Princess Anne. To cure him of his love, by depriving him of life, the king sent him to Tangiers, at the head of some troops, in a leaky vessel, which, it was supposed, must have perished in the voyage. Mulgrave, though apprised of the purpose for which he was sent, yet had the noble daring to undertake the expedition, which the Earl of Plymouth, a son of the king's, generously insisted upon sharing, and was killed at Tangiers.

After enumerating so many circumstances, which must be allowed to militate exceedingly against the received notion of his extraordinary good-nature—to leave the reader in better humour with the merry monarch—we will, before turning down this page of his character, mention one or two that show him in a more favourable light. During the fire of London, the king was almost all day long on horseback with his guards, seeing to all that could be done, either for quenching the fire, or for carrying off persons and goods to the fields all about London. He was never observed to be in so much concern about any thing in his whole life, as about this.* “It is not, indeed, imaginable,” says Mr. Evelyn, “how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the king were, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he showed his affection to his people, and gained theirs. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, were like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth.” In this scene of confusion and horror, to be found labouring and directing—straining every nerve, and sharing in every fatigue and danger with his people—he, whose most vigorous exercise was usually but a brisk four hours' walk

* Burnet.

up and down the mall of St. James's Park, was at once like, and very unlike, a king.

Charles's behaviour to Lord Argyle, as if to compensate for the wrong done to his father, seems to have been generous and kind throughout; and it redounds yet more to the king's credit, if it be true, that the latter, when Lord Lorn, had treated him harshly when he was little better than a prisoner in Scotland. When Lord Argyle had fled from the infamous sentence, which the Duke of York, then his brother's commissioner in Scotland, had obtained against him, and was in hiding in London, some evil-minded officious person went and told the king of it. But Charles would have no search made for him, and forbade them to molest him, retaining still his former kindness for that ill-fated nobleman. To have taken, indeed, active measures against him, would have only made him the abettor of his brother's outrageous tyranny; still his forbearance was generous, and so far we give him credit for good nature. Charles after all was not a man, generally speaking, to stand in the way of a victim at the last gasp, with the hounds full in view; but much more likely to give him free passage, and to further his retreat. We sometimes find him extending his protection to those whose safety was menaced by the violent proceedings of government; and we recollect to have read in Burnet, or elsewhere, of his giving a Scottish nobleman an assurance under his own hand and seal, that let him serve God in what way he pleased, he should suffer no molestation. We wish more instances of this sort were on record, to authorize, in some degree, the affection which a reader of history cannot help entertaining for his memory, in spite of the hollowness and insincerity of his character. Historians, we will charitably suppose, have been more successful in discovering the bad, than the good of his actions, and that there existed more causes for that passionate grief, which the author of the *Examen* assures us was observable in all men at the time of his death, than they have handed down to posterity.

"It was almost generally to be observed about town, that folks were all very inquisitive, perpetually asking one another, without regard to strangers, or acquaintance, (all were acquainted for that purpose)—What news? How is the king? and the like. The council took care to comfort them from time to time, as far as might be done, by the public intelligence; and so it stood in the face of the public till the deplorable loss was made known; whereat the national sorrow is not, from any known precedent, capable of being described. The people, in general, were very passionately concerned, they were all witnesses for one another, as I, for one amongst the rest, am; and so deeply, that it was not obvious to observe a person walking in the streets with dry eyes."

Charles's vicious habits and profligate morals are ascribed, in a great measure, by Burnet, to the Duke of Buckingham, who, upon his return from his travels, in the year forty-five, found him newly come to Paris, having been sent over by his father, when his affairs began to decline. Hereupon, the duke, who was then got into all the vices and impieties of the age, finding the young prince apt enough to receive ill impressions, set himself to corrupt his

morals, in which design he was ably seconded by the Lord Piercy; and to them was owing the chief blame of the king's corrupt and vicious life.

We have the irrefragable testimony of the Duke of Ormond to the licentiousness of Charles's life, when an exile, and a wanderer abroad:—"His majesty spent most of his time with confident young men, who abhorred all discourse that was serious, and, in the liberty they assumed in drolling and railling, preserved no reverence towards God or man; but laughed at all sober men, and even at religion itself."*

He himself, in more advanced years, was fond of playing the tempter, and when he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he had a pleasure in corrupting them, both in religion and morality. Of religion he appeared to have no sense at all: whenever he happened to be either at prayers or sacrament, he took care to satisfy people, that he was in no degree concerned in that about which he was employed; and as to the scriptures, he never read them, nor alluded to them, farther than to turn them into a jest, or to point the discourse with some lively expression. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to find a hole in the reputation of a man esteemed eminent for piety; and Sheldon, who most commonly spoke of religion as an engine of government, and an affair of policy, was regarded by him in the light of a wise and honest clergyman. A man of this description was not likely to fall into his father's error; indeed, he often said, he was not priest-ridden—"he would not venture a war, nor travel again for any party."

Rien pour rien, was the principle that guided him in his dealings with the church. Thus, when in the course of the debate on the legality of Lord Danby's pardon, the bishops' right of voting on a trial of treason having been questioned, they seemed disposed to relinquish it without noise. The king, who was bent on maintaining the pardon, and durst not venture it on the votes of the temporal lords, would not suffer it, but told them "they must stick to him and his prerogative, as they expected him to stick to them, if they came to be pushed at."†

Freely as he indulged himself in every vice, he was used to express disgust at the scandalous lives of some of the clergy, an inconsistency not very frequent with men of his stamp. One day at the council board, being offended with the bishops, he took occasion to vent his displeasure in various reflections upon the clergy, who alone, he said, were to blame for the disorders and conventicles that were complained of throughout the country. Had they lived good lives, and gone about their parishes, and taken pains to instruct the people, the nation might have been by this time quiet; "but they thought of nothing, but of getting good benefices, and keeping a good table." Once, too, in a conversation with Burnet, he expressed himself after a similar manner: had the clergy done

* Clarendon.

† Burnet.

their part, he said, it would have been an easy thing to run down the nonconformists, but, he added, "they will do nothing themselves, and will have me do every thing."—"He told them, he had a chaplain that was a very honest man, but a great blockhead, to whom he had given a living in Suffolk, that was full of that sort of people: he had gone about among them from house to house, though he could not imagine what he could have to say to them, for, he said, he was a very silly fellow; but he believed his nonsense suited their nonsense, for he had brought them all to the church; and in reward of his diligence he had given him a bishoprick in Ireland." We have been often told, how the king, in a progress he once made to Winchester, towards the latter end of his days, was for quartering Nell Gwyn upon Dr. Ken; but the doctor resolutely refused to admit her, and she was obliged to seek other lodgings. The conclusion of this story is not, however, so very generally known. When, not long after, the see of Bath and Wells became vacant, Charles asked what was the name of that little man at Winchester, who would not let Nell lie in his house? They told him, and to the astonishment of the whole court, Ken was appointed to the bishopric. The laxity of his own religious principles, he never hesitated to acknowledge; as for example, once in Burnet's presence, he and Lord Halifax fell into some conversation about religion. Halifax observed, that his majesty was the head of his church; to which Charles replied, "that he did not desire to be the head of nothing—for his part he was of no church."

Of presbytery he ever entertained the greatest dislike. He, probably, too well remembered how the ministers of that persuasion used to "let fly at him," in the sermons they preached before him, when in Scotland—how he used to yawn over the long prayers and tedious homilies he was obliged to attend, from morning to night—and how Buckingham and he used to be hard set to suppress their laughter, whilst he was denounced by Guthery, or schooled by Douglas. When Lord Lauderdale first came to the king, being himself a stiff Presbyterian, and unacquainted, probably, with Charles's high dislike to that form above all, he openly espoused the cause of presbytery; but the king bade him, as the earl himself told Burnet, let that pass, "for it was not a religion for gentlemen." As to his attachment to the Romish faith, we suspect it was never sufficiently ardent to make him uneasy under the disguise he was obliged to wear, or to interfere in any troublesome way with the administration of his secular concerns. Indeed, he was often heard to say, during the heats and perplexities of the popish plot, that if it were not for *la sottise de mon frere*, he would soon get out of all his difficulties.

Disposed to incredulity, and with a natural turn for scepticism, as his language and conduct throughout life would seem to imply, it rather excites our astonishment to find him subject to the dotage of astrology. A story, which Burnet tells to this effect, was long

considered as a fable of the reverend author's; but like many other of that historian's supposed fables, it has been found to rest upon the basis of truth. There is in the British Museum,* a letter from the Duchess of Cleveland to the King Charles, dated Paris, which verifies Burnet's relation in every particular:—"When I was to come over," says she, "he (Montague) brought me two letters to bring to you, which he read both to me, before he sealed them. The one was a man's, that he said you had great faith in; for that he had at several times foretold things to you that were of consequence, and that you believed him in all things, like a changeling as you were." The letter goes on to say, that Montague designed to make this cunning man subservient to his own intrigues, by causing him to foretel to the king such and such events. "The man," she continues, "though he was infirm and ill, should go into England, and there, after having been a little time soliciting you for money; for that you were so base, that though you employed him, you let him starve," &c. Enough for our purpose is what we have already quoted.

Burnet, in his strong and unmeasured language, has expressed his sense of Charles's profligacy, by saying that he delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any restraint; and then follows an insinuation, which is likely, with candid readers, to do the bishop himself more injury than the monarch, at whom it is aimed. He had great vices, he continues, and scarcely any virtues; but some of his vices were less hurtful than the rest, and these served to correct the more pernicious. A saying of Lord Rothes, the king's commissioner in Scotland, was much noised about at that time. He abandoned himself to pleasure, and when he was censured for it, all the answer he made was couched in a severe piece of raillery:—"the king's commissioner," he said, "ought to represent his person." In one vice, however, to which the Scottish commissioner addicted himself, he received little or no countenance from the authority he represented; and that was drunkenness. Upon a frolic, indeed, with a few choice spirits, in whose company he took delight, Charles would sometimes run into excess; yet this was only on rare occasions; and he entertained a bad opinion of all that fell into that habit. On the same occasion, on which he presented Jefferies with that jewel, which was called the latter's blood-stone, from its being given him a few days after the conviction of Sidney, he added a piece of advice, odd enough as coming from a king to a judge. He said, "it was a hot summer, and he (Jefferies) was going the circuit; he, therefore, desired he would not drink too much." Now, Jefferies was a notorious drunkard. In another respect the manners of the king lay more open to exception. "He was apter to make broad allusions upon any thing that gave the least occasion, than was altogether suitable with the very good breeding he showed in most other

* *Harris's Life of King Charles II.*

things. The company he kept, whilst abroad, had so used him to that sort of dialect, that he was so far from thinking it a fault or indecency, that he made it a matter of raillery upon them, who could not prevail on themselves to join in it. . . . In his more familiar conversations with the ladies, even they must be passive, if they would not enter into it.”*

In the habits of his life, he was equally prone to outrage decorum. For, a little while after his marriage, he carried things decently; but he soon threw off all restraint, he would go from his mistress's apartments to church, even on sacrament days,† and held as it were, a court in them, whilst to the “lady,” (as she is respectfully termed by Clarendon, who however would never descend to notice her) for the time being, they all made application. How little careful he was to save appearances, the following curious extracts from Mr. Evelyn's *Journal* abundantly show. March 1, 1671.—After mention of some particulars not material to the present purpose, he goes on—“I thence walked with him (the king) through St. James's Park to the garden, when I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse, between . . . and Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of a wall, and . . . standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation.” But perhaps the reader would be glad to see one of Charles's family parties. On the day of the king's death, Mr. Evelyn calls to mind a scene which he had witnessed not many days before. “I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of, at least, two thousand in gold before them. . . . Six days after, was all in the dust!” This, we suppose, is what the king meant by a little irregular pleasure. When, once upon telling Burnet, he was no atheist, he added, “but he could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way.” This, however, appears to have been only a quiet party at home; the following is a more formal and solemn entertainment.

“This evening I was at the entertainment of the Morocco ambassador, at the Dutchess of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall, where was a great banquet of sweetmeats and music, but at which, both the ambassador and her retinue behaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, though placed about a long table, a lady between two Moors, and amongst these were the king's natural children, viz. Lady Litchfield and Sussex, the Dutchess of Portsmouth and Nelly, &c., concubines and cattle of that sort, as splendid as jewels and

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* Marquis of Halifax, *Character of Charles II.*

† Burnet.

excess of bravery could make them. The Moors neither admiring nor seeming to regard any thing, furniture, or the like, with any earnestness, and but decently tasting of the banquet. They drank a little milk and water, but not a drop of wine: they also drank of a sorbett and a jacolatt; did not look about or stare at the ladies, or express the least surprise, but with a courtly negligence in face and countenance, and whole behaviour, answering only to such questions as were asked, with a great deal of wit and gallantry, and so gravely took leave with this compliment, That God would bless the Dutchess of Portsmouth and the prince her son, meaning the little Duke of Richmond. The king came in at the latter end, just as the ambassador was going away. . . . In a word the Russian ambassador, still at court, behaved himself like a clown, compared to this heathen."

In these scenes of debauchery, there was more, we suspect, of the bravery and show, than the substance of vice, as far as regarded the king himself: the following just observations nicely discriminate his character in this respect, and serve as an ingenious commentary on the passages above quoted. "He was rather abandoned than luxurious, and, like our female libertines, apter to be debauched for the satisfaction of others, than to seek with choice where most to please himself. I am of opinion, also, that, in his latter times, there was as much of laziness, as of love, in all those hours he passed among his mistresses; who, after all, served only to fill up his seraglio; while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called sauntering, and talking without any constraint, was the true sultana queen he delighted in!"* The facility with which he was induced to entertain any new favourite proposed to him, as well as the apathy he, on different occasions, discovered to the lady's open infidelity, "neither angry with rivals, nor in the least nice as to being beloved," substantiate this opinion. The mode in which his intimacy with the French lady (afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth) commenced, and her introduction at Whitehall, are extremely characteristic of all the parties concerned. The Duke of Buckingham had fallen out with the Duchess of Cleveland, and, after attempting to detach the king from her, by leading him to form various new connexions, he finally met with an auxiliary, who did the business effectually. Having observed the "king pay particular attention to a certain Mad. Querouaille, a maid of honour to madame, his sister, at the time when he went to meet the latter at Dover, he said to him 'that it was only a decent piece of tenderness for his sister, to take care of some of her servants.' So the king consented to invite her over." The duke also, when at Paris, assured the King of France, that he could never reckon himself secure of his master, but by giving him a mistress that should be true to his interest. The matter being settled, Buckingham sent her, with part of his baggage, to Dieppe, and said he would presently follow; but being, of all men, the most inconstant and forgetful, he never thought of her more, and went to England, by the way of Calais. Hearing of this, the ambassador, Montague, sent over for a yacht for her; and despatched some of his servants to wait on her, and defray her charges till she was brought

* Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. *Character of King Charles II.*

to Whitehall: and then Lord Arlington took care of her. Thus did Buckingham bring over a mistress, whom his own strange and capricious conduct threw into the hands of his enemies. The king was presently taken with her, and she studied to please and observe him in every thing. Mr. Evelyn often saw them, on her first arrival at Euston, a seat of Lord Arlington's, where he said, "it was with confidence believed she was first made a *misse*, as they call those unhappy creatures, with solemnity," the stocking having been flung after the manner of a married bride. "Nay, it was said that I was present at the ceremony, but it is utterly false." He acknowledges to have seen fondness and toying enough with that young wanton, as he unceremoniously calls her; but though he had observed all passages with sufficient curiosity, he saw nothing more. Though generally held to be one of the prime beauties of the day, she appeared to him of a childish, simple, and baby face. The king passed away the rest of his life in great fondness for her, and kept her at an enormous charge; she, by many fits of sickness, some real, and others thought only pretended, gaining of him every thing she desired. With what success she had acted her part with the royal lover, we may form some conception, from another passage of Evelyn, dated so late as 1683:

"Following his majesty this morning through the gallery, I went with the few who attended him into the Dutchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bed-chamber, when she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of bed, his majesty and gallants standing about her: but that which engaged my curiosity, was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies, in furniture and accommodation."

She was not, however, absolutely without a rival in his favour and affections. Madame de Sevigné, speaking of her in one of her letters, says, "she amasses treasure, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee, that she should find a young actress in her way, whom the king doats on; and she has it not in her power to withdraw him from her. He divides his care, his time, and his health, between these two. The actress is as haughty as Mademoiselle: she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the king from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour. She sings, she dances, and she acts her part with a good grace. . . . This creature gets the upper-hand, and discountenances and embarrasses the dutchess extremely." The lively young lady was no other than Mrs. Ellen Gwyn, whom Burnet, with more than usual gaiety, characterizes as "the wildest and indiscreetest thing that ever was in a court;" who acted all persons in a lively manner, and was such a constant diversion to the king, that even a new mistress could not drive her away. The Duke of Buckingham told him, that when she was brought to the king, she asked only £500 a-year, and the king refused it. But at the time he

told him this, four years after her first introduction, she had got of the king above £60,000.

In Charles's extravagant expenditure of money, there was a singular compound of parsimony and profusion. "While he sacrificed all things to his mistresses, he would use to grudge, and be uneasy at their losing a little of it again at play, though ever so necessary for their diversion. Nor would he venture five pounds to those who might obtain as many thousands, either before he came thither, or as soon as he left off."* He sometimes, however, ventured deeper.—"6th Jan. 1662.—This evening, according to custom, his majesty opened the revels of that night, by throwing the dice himself, in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100.—(The year before he won £1500.)—The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about £1000, and left them still at *passage cards*," &c.

The only occasion on which Charles evinced any thing like jealousy and passion in love, was at the time he paid court to Miss Steward, whom the queen's mother had brought over with her from France. To the repeated infidelities of the Dutches of Cleveland, at that time the reigning favourite, he was perfectly callous; even though one of them, by the artifice of Buckingham, was brought under his own observation, the party concerned leaping out of the window. She was a woman of great beauty, says Burnet, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish, but imperious; very uneasy to the king, and speaking of him, to all persons, in a manner that brought him under general contempt; always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended to be jealous of him. Her abuse, infidelity, and the libels of all sorts, which she circulated freely, gave him no concern; but Miss Steward gained so much upon him, and yet kept her ground with so much firmness, that he seemed to meditate legitimatizing his addresses to her, if possible, since he saw no hope of succeeding any other way. She was courted by the Duke of Richmond; and the king, hoping to break that matter secretly, pretended to take mighty care of her interests, and would have good settlements made her, which, he well knew, the duke was in no condition to do. He was told, whether false or true, that Lord Clarendon had advised the lady to consider well before she rejected the duke. It was hinted he did this in order to reserve the succession to the crown to his own grand-children, whose prospects any new marriage of the king's would most effectually blight. At length the lady was prevailed upon to leave Whitehall privately, and marry the duke, without giving his majesty notice.

It happened that the Earl of Clarendon's son, Lord Cornbury, was going to her lodgings, upon some assignation she had given him about her affairs. He met the king in the door-way, coming

* Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's Character.

out full of fury; and the latter immediately suspecting that Lord Cornbury was in the design, spoke to him, as one in a rage, that forgot all decency, and, for some time, would not hear him speak in his defence. It is said, that "this incident made so deep an impression upon the king's mind, that from that time he resolved to take the seals from Lord Clarendon."* This is the only instance we know, of his having exhibited any tokens of what might be called passion; at all other times his love appears to have been an easy, gentle, and quiet sort of sensation, which never disturbed that tranquillity of spirits he was so careful to maintain, or gave him the least annoyance. Indeed he was not a man of strong passion at all,—he neither hated nor loved,—nor sought revenge,—nor pursued ambitious schemes with any degree of vehemence or energy. To use the expression of Sheffield, he *sauntered* through life, and hated, above all things, to be obliged to alter or mend his pace.

The time, which was not devoted to attendance on his ladies, or to business, (the latter need hardly have been mentioned, it was too inconsiderable) he spent in walking in the park, where he usually exercised himself for three or four hours, at a pace, which made it difficult to all about him to keep up with him. Whilst his brother's levees were crowded, and his anti-chambers full, Charles had scarce company about him to entertain him; and he walked about with only a small body train of necessary attendants, whilst the duke had a vast and splendid following. This drew a lively reflection from Waller, the celebrated wit. He said "the House of Commons had resolved, that the duke should not reign after the king's death: but the king, in opposition to them, was resolved he should reign even during his life."

His habits, indeed, and pleasures, were all, except in the sumptuousness in which he frequently indulged, those of a private individual, and he had many little petit amusements, which are usually held below the notice of a sovereign. "He took delight," says Evelyn, "in having a number of little spaniels follow him, and lie in his bed-chamber, where often he suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and, indeed, made the whole court nasty and stinking." Another amusement was to stock the canal, which formed a decoy, in St. James's Park, with various kinds of wild fowl, which Evelyn has been at the pains to enumerate; and to feed them with his own hand, was one of his daily pleasures. He used to maintain, that, take one day with another, and you may be out more days in the open air in England than in any other country in Europe, and his own practice illustrated his doctrines, for he rarely allowed himself to be deprived of his daily exercise. When, however, the weather made it impossible, or when lameness, as in the last year of his life confined him within doors, he spent much of his time in his laboratory, (for he was a great chemist,) where he employed himself in run-

* Burnet.

ning a process for the fixing of mercury. In the evenings on ordinary days, he had his companions in private, to make him merry, at the Dutchess of Portsmouth's, Chiffinch's, and Bess May's!* It may appear superfluous thus minutely to particularize his habits and amusements, but we know not whether the character of a man is not as clearly manifested in the little detail of private life, as in the more important concerns of public business. Charles II. and his grandfather Henry IV. are the only monarchs of our acquaintance who appear to have possessed the power of stripping themselves entirely of their royalty, and taking up the habits, and along with them the feeling, and comforts, and sympathies, of private individuals. It was the ambition of each, whilst sitting on a throne, and swaying the sceptre of a mighty kingdom, to live as happily and pleasantly as any of their subjects; nor during these intervals of privacy did uneasy recollections of their own importance and grandeur ever obtrude themselves upon their quiet: but here all comparison ends; Charles was adapted by nature for the sphere of a private gentleman, and for that only—whilst Henry, equally well fitted to shine in the domestic circle, was, as soon as he had stepped out of it, formed to play the part of the greatest of kings.

To conclude this account of Charles's private life and habits, with a brief description of his person, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty grew,"—

sings Andrew Marvell in doggerel rhyme; and what is wanting to complete the picture is supplied by Evelyn, from whom we learn, that his countenance was "fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him." "He was," says Sheffield, "an illustrious exception to all the common rules of physiognomy; for, with a most saturnine harsh sort of countenance, he was both of a merry and merciful disposition." The first we allow—the last we deny—but here, for the present, we will terminate the discussion.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Poems. By James G. Percival, M.D. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. Printed in America, and reprinted in London. Price 16s. Boards. Miller. 1824.

NOTHING, we imagine, can afford us a more striking proof of the rapid strides made by our trans-Atlantic brethren from independence to all the arts of polished life, than the number of good writers who have recently sprung up among them. We have taken several opportunities, in late years, to discuss the merits of some

* Wood's *Athanas.*

of these candidates for literary fame, and especially the poets; "*Specimens*" of whose best productions were not very long since selected and published in our own country. (See M. R. for Jan. 1823, p. 28.) There surely can be no prouder testimony to their growing merits, than that which has thus been offered to them by a nation, superlatively abounding as ours does in every species and variety of poetic excellence. Subsequently to this little volume, which displayed a great variety of talent, other and entire publications from the pens of American poets have appeared, reprinted in this country; a strong symptom, we think, of their rising credit and importance. Amid a great diversity, in point both of ability and subject, we have selected the Poems which appear at the head of this article; because, though not of equal excellence with the nobler strains of Bryant, or some of those of Baneroft, as given in the before-mentioned *Specimens*, they yet boast a degree of merit far superior to that of any entire pieces hitherto published on this side of the water.

We are informed, indeed, with a considerable exaggeration of his merits, in the English "Notice" prefixed to his works, "that in England Dr. Percival is *only* known as standing in the first rank of living American poets," and that "his works can boast no other celebrity here than the casual republication of a few admired pieces has given them." (Advertisement, p. i.) This is followed by a brief sketch of the author's life; which closes with the somewhat too easy and liberal remark that, "as Dr. Percival's works are now in the hands of the public, his poetical reputation must be left to their testimony. His character in private life we may commit to the same decision, only *remarking that if aught* of misanthropy or scepticism is found in these volumes, they should be regarded *merely* as casting shades upon a character, on the whole singularly pure, elevated, and amiable." (P. viii.)

On this point we conceive it to be our duty to observe that, so far from being marked by merely a few *shades* of scepticism or misanthropy, the Doctor's poetry, though elevated with occasional bursts of true genius and passion, presents some of the most startling and terrific pictures of a powerful but severed imagination, of contempt and hatred of mankind, of scepticism, of suicide, and of the "darkest painter's horrors," that we recollect to have ever contemplated. To some minds, in some moods, these pictures have their charms,—doubtless of a deep and pervading character; for we have tried them; and, as they boast but too potent and dangerous a spell, we would fain exercise the imaginations both of the poet and his readers. We would also inquire by what license the author has believed himself justified in recounting his wild and extravagant day-dreams to a world which he seems, in his poetic character, only to shun and to despise; when he must know, too, that there can only be some unhappy few, whose darkness of fate or whose genius and sorrows can rightly appreciate him? Deeply fraught with

poetry and passion as some of his pieces indisputably are, we think that in this "moody madness" of the poet's brain he has gone much too far: we fear to sympathize with him; we shiver and tremble as we read; yet we feel his power, and are borne along with him, as it were, in his career, until we begin to suspect that we may become as wild and extravagant as he is himself. We are assured, however, that such excess of feeling, and such extravagance of tone and expression, though calculated to awaken and surprise, are little less than the betrayal of a poet's trust. He is indeed justified in exciting a powerful degree of interest, amounting even to alarm and terror: but beyond this he must not go; since the poetic law, from the time of the Stagyrte down to Mr. Hume, has continued to denounce all feelings and all appeals that approach the region of horror. It will be sufficient here to state our opinion, without quoting specimens of the parts to which we refer; and we shall rather choose to select such passages as seem most likely to gain credit for the Columbian muse. These we find scattered not sparingly throughout the volumes, and of a very varied description. It is our duty to observe, however, that the prevailing faults of the writer's poetry appear to consist in the florid and pompous style, which is unfortunately so much affected by some of our young modern poets; and in the study of contrast and effect, still struggling to reach the "*os magna sonaturum*," to the frequent detriment of sound meaning and clear good sense. These, we dare say, will be perceptible without our insisting on instances, and holding them up to our readers in *italics*. Having promised this, we shall proceed to the few specimens which our limits will permit us to give, of the very diversified subjects and varied style of treating them, which are among the leading characteristics of the Doctor's productions.

The following stanzas, strikingly characteristic of his manner, are taken from his *Prometheus*, a poem abounding in splendid and fanciful passages:

"Much study is a weariness—so said
The sage of sages, and the aching eye,
The pallid cheek, the trembling frame, the head
Throbbing with thought and torn with agony,
Attest his truth; and yet we will obey
The intellectual *Numen*, and will gaze
In wondering awe upon it, and will pay
Worship to its omnipotence; the blaze
Of mind is as a fount of fire, that upward plays.

"Aloft on snow-clad mountains, on whose breast
Unspotted purity has ever lain;
The clouds of sense and passion cannot rest
Upon its shadowy summit, nor can stain
The white veil which enwraps it, nor in vain
Roll the white floods of liquid heat, they melt
The gathered stores of ages, to the plain
They pour them down in streams enkindling, felt
By every human heart, in myriad channels dealt.

"This is the electric spark sent down from Heaven,
That woke to second life the man of clay;
The torch was lit in ether, light was given,
Which not all passion's storms can sweep away;
There is no closing to this once-risen day,
Tempests may darken, but the sun will glow,
Serene, unclouded, dazzling, and its ray
Through some small crevices will always flow,
Nor leave in utter night the world that gropes below.

"And now and then some spirit, from the throng,
With wings Dædalian, in his rage will soar,
And spreading wide his pinions with a strong
And desperate effort, from this servile shore
Mounting like Minder's swans, whose voices pour
Melodious music, like the dying fall
Of zephyrs in a pine grove, or the roar
Heard through the lonely forest, when the pall
Of night o'erhangs us, borne from some far waterfall.

"With wing as tireless, and with voice as sweet,
His eye the falcon's, and his heart the dove's,
He lifts his heavenward daring, till the heat
Of that same orb he aimed to, which he loves
To mark with keen eye till the cloud removes,
That gave its glow a softness, with its blight
Withers his sinewy strength; so Heaven reproves
The minds, that scan it with audacious sight,
And seek with restless gaze too pure, unmingled light.

"Gay was the paradise of love he drew,
And pictured in his fancy; he did dwell
Upon it till it had a life; he threw
A tint of Heaven athwart it—who can tell
The yearnings of his heart, the charm, the spell,
That bound him to the vision? Cold truth came
And plucked aside the veil—he saw a hell,
And o'er it curled blue flakes of lurid flame—
He laid him down and clasped his damp chill brow in shame.

"His fall is as the Titans', who would tear
The thunder from their monarch, and would pile
Their mountain stairway to Olympus, where
The bolt they grasped at pierced them; with a smile
Of fearless power the thunderer sat the while,
And mocked their fruitless toiling, then he hurled
His whitening arrows, and at once their guile
And force were blasted, and their fall unfurled,
An awful warning flag to a presumptuous world.

"They stand, a beacon chained upon the rock;
Heaven o'er them lifts unveiled her boundless blue;
Ambition's sun still scorches, and the mock
Of all their high desires is full in view;
Affection cools their foreheads with no dew
Of melting hearts, no rain of pitying eyes;
The vulture, conscience, gnaws them, ever new
Their heart's torn fibres into life will rise,
The gorging fury clings, repelled she never flies.

"These are the men who dared to rend the veil
Religion hung around us; they would tear
The film from off our eyes, and break the pale
That bound the awe-struck spirit, nor would spare
The worship paid by ages; in the glare
Of their red torches Piety grew blind,
And saw no more her comforter; her fair

And fond hopes lost their beauty; can the mind,
When rifled of its faith, so dear a solace find?

"They pull down Jove from his Idæan throne;
They quench the Jew's Schechinah, and the cross,
That bore the mangled corpse of Heaven's own Son,
They trample in the dust, and spurn as dross;
And will they recompense the world its loss?
Have they a fairer light to cheer our gloom?
Oh no!—the grave yawns on us as a fosse,
Where we must sleep for ever; this our doom—
Body and mind shall rot and moulder in the tomb."

A few other portions of the same poem, particularly in its descriptive parts, display much power and beauty:—such as the delineation of an approaching tempest among the hills; which, for pervading strength and vividness, is almost worthy of the departed fire of Byron:

"A solemn pause—the woods below are still,
No breezes wave their light leaves, and the lake
Lies like a sleeping mirror; on the hill
The white flocks eye the rain-drops, that will slake
Their hot thirst, and the screaming curlews take
Their circling flight along the silent stream;
Save their storm-loving music now awake,
Nature seems slumbering in a midnight dream;
She starts—behold aloft that sudden quivering gleam.
"The torch is lit among the clouds—the peals
Roar through the lonely wilds, and echoing swell
Around the far horizon—earth now feels
And trembles as she listens—who can tell
The spirit's awe? as if it heard its knell,
It bows before the Power, whose hand controls
Lightning, and wind, and waves, who loves to dwell
In storms, and on its path the tempest rolls,
Whose words are bolts, whose glance electric pierces souls,
"And makes the bold blasphemer pale with awe,
And stills the madman's laugh, and strikes with dread
The brow, that bore defiance to the law
Stamped on the universe; he hides his head
In darkness like the ostrich; all those led
By his once fearless mocking, slink away,
And o'er them prostrate, wrathful angels tread,
And draw their fiery arrows, and repay
With fear and death the hearts that dare to disobey.
"Tis night, and we are on the mountain top—
The air is motionless, and not a breath
Of wind is whispered, and the pure dews drop
From Heaven, like tears, upon this lovely death
Of nature, while the landscape underneath,
And the vast arch above, smile in the ray
Of the full moon, who, circled in her wreath
Of glory, walks, a queen, her lofty way,
And pours upon the world, a softer, calmer day."

If the muse of the New World continues to rank among her votaries poets who can produce lines equal and superior to the preceding, she will not long have to repine at the fame of those of older nations. Of a gentler tone and less fiery spirit than the verses which we have just given are the few following stanzas.

from the same composition: which, though not perfect in their kind, breathe an intense feeling, and a mournful melody of soul, that characterize only the true poet:

"Farewell to the lost land, where life was young,
And the fresh earth seem'd lovely; where the heart
First felt the thrill of ecstasy, when strung
With its fine tender chords, all could impart
Joy to its laughing innocence—I start
To find I am so cold, where all before
Was tinctured with divinity—We part,
Land of my early loves! thy once bright shore
Has lost its dearest charm—Farewell! we meet no more.

"The world that is, seems Eden to the child,
The rainbows on a bubble are a spell
To chain him in sweet wonder; O! how wild
Do the first awakened throbs of feeling swell,—
There is no music like the village-bell,
That o'er the far hills sends its silver sound,—
There is no beauty like the forms, that dwell
In flower and bud, and shell and insect, found,
When through the watered vale we take our infant round.

"But this is for the new mind—soon we tire
Of all this simple loveliness, we form
Within a magic fane, whose sun-gilt spire
Burns in the azure firmament—the storm
Is portion of its majesty, we warm,
Not tremble in the lightning's vivid glare—
Sounds must be heard from Heaven, that they inform
The spirit with the life of thought, and bear
Through all their unseen flight, the souls that upward dare.

"The world imagined, to the world we feel,
Is glory and magnificence; we turn
From earth in sated weariness, but kneel
Before the pomp we dream of—when the urn
Holds all that now hath form and life, we spurn
The shackles, that debase us and confine:
Deep in its central fountain mind will burn
Brighter in darkness, like the gems that shine
With a fixed eye of fire, the stars of cave and mine.

"When the gay visions once so fair are fled,
When Time has dropped his rose-wreaths, and his brow
Hath only snows to shade it; hearts have bled,
And healed themselves to be all callous; now
In the cold years of vanished hope, we plough
And sow in barrenness to reap in blight—
Then the soul in its solitude doth bow
To its own grandeur, and from outer night
Turns to the world within, and finds all love and light."

Many other pieces, of a lighter and more varied description, might serve to illustrate and confirm the opinion which we advanced in the outset, of the advancing importance and improvement of the *poetical* literature of America, together with her increase of *political* power and prosperity.

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SHELLEY'S POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

THIS is the last memorial of a mind singularly gifted with poetical talent, however it may have been obscured, and to many, we doubt not, absolutely eclipsed by its unhappy union with much that is revolting in principle and morality. Mr. Shelley was one of those unfortunate beings in whom the imagination had been exalted and developed at the expense of the reasoning faculty; and with the confidence, or presumption, of talent, he was perpetually obtruding upon that public, whose applause he still courted, the startling principles of his religious and political creed. He naturally encountered the fate which even the highest talent cannot avert, when it sets itself systematically in array against opinions which men have been taught to believe and to venerate, and principles with which the majority of mankind are persuaded that the safety of society is connected. He was denounced as a poetical *enfant perdu* by the Quarterly, and passed over in silence by other periodical works, which, while they were loth to censure, felt that they could not dare to praise. Whether abuse of this nature may not engender, or, at all events, increase the evil it professes to cure; and whether in the case of Shelley, as in that of another great spirit of the age, his contemporary and his friend, this contempt for received opinions, at first affected, may not have been rooted and made real by the virulence with which it was assailed, is a question which it is difficult to answer. But now, when death, the great calmer of men's minds, has removed from this scene of critical warfare its unfortunate subject,—when we can turn to the many passages of pure and exquisite beauty, which brighten even the darkest and wildest of his poetical wanderings, with that impartiality which it was vain to expect while the author lived, and wrote, and raved, and reviled,—what mind of genius or poetical feeling would not wish that his errors should be buried with him in the bosom of the Mediterranean, and lament that a mind so fruitful of good as well as of evil, should have been taken from us, before its fire had been tempered by experience, and its troubled but majestic elements had subsided into calmness?

We doubt not that Mr. Shelley, like many other speculative reformers and seepies, ventured in theory to hazard opinions which in his life he contradicted. His domestic habits seem to have been as different as possible from those which, in the dreams of a distempered fancy, he has sometimes dwelt upon with an alarming frequency and freedom; as if the force of nature and of early associations had asserted their paramount sway, in the midst of his acquired feelings, and compelled him, while surrounded by those scenes, and in the presence of those beings among whom their pure impulses are most strongly felt, to pay homage to their power. The following passage, from the preface to this publication, though

written with the natural and amiable partiality of a wife, exhibits him in the light of an affectionate husband, a warm friend, an enthusiastic admirer of nature and of moral goodness; and though some other more questionable qualities, and more dangerous opinions, are passed over in silence, either in the confidence that no defence is necessary, or the conviction that none can be offered, it is not easy to read this testimony to the moral worth of Shelley, without being disposed to regard with feelings more of sorrow than of anger, the occasional extravagances of this erring spirit.

"The comparative solitude in which Mr. Shelley lived was the occasion that he was personally known to few; and his fearless enthusiasm in the cause, which he considered the most sacred upon earth, the improvement of the moral and physical state of mankind, was the chief reason why he, like other illustrious reformers, was pursued by hatred and calumny. No man was ever more devoted than he to the endeavour of making those around him happy; no man ever possessed friends more unfeignedly attached to him. The ungrateful world did not feel his loss, and the gap it made seemed to close as quickly over his memory as the murderous sea above his living frame. Hereafter men will lament that his transcendent powers of intellect were extinguished before they had bestowed on them their choicest treasures. To his friends his loss is irremediable: the wise, the brave, the gentle, is gone forever! He is to them as a bright vision, whose radiant track, left behind in the memory, is worth all the realities that society can afford. Before the critics contradict me, let them appeal to any one who had ever known him: to see him was to love him; and his presence, like Ithuriel's spear, was alone sufficient to disclose the falsehood of the tale which his enemies whispered in the ear of the ignorant world.

"His life was spent in the contemplation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. He was an elegant scholar, and a profound metaphysician: without possessing much scientific knowledge, he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and habits of every production of the earth; he could interpret without a fault each appearance in the sky, and the varied phenomena of heaven and earth filled him with deep emotion. He made his study and reading-room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake, and the waterfall. Ill health and continual pain preyed upon his powers, and the solitude in which we lived, particularly on our first arrival in Italy, although congenial to his feelings, must frequently have weighed upon his spirits; those beautiful and affecting 'Lines, written in dejection at Naples,' were composed at such an interval; but when in health, his spirits were buoyant and youthful to an extraordinary degree.

"Such was his love for nature, that every page of his poetry is associated in the minds of his friends with the loveliest scenes of the countries which he inhabited. In early life, he visited the most beautiful parts of this country and Ireland. Afterwards the Alps of Switzerland became his inspirers. 'Prometheus Unbound' was written among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome; and when he made his home under the Pisan hills, their roofless recesses harboured him as he composed 'The Witch of Atlas,' 'Adonais,' and 'Hellas.' In the wild but beautiful Bay of Spezia, the winds and waves which he loved became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter, wrote 'The Triumph of Life,' the last of his productions. The beauty but strangeness of this lonely place, the refined pleasure which he felt in the companionship of a few selected friends, our entire sequestration from the rest of the world, all contributed to render this period of his life one of continued enjoyment. I am convinced that the two months we passed there were the happiest he had ever known: his health even rapidly improved, and he was never better than when I last saw him, full of spirits and joy, embark for Leghorn, that he might there welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy. I was to have accompanied him, but illness confined me to my room, and

thus put the seal on my misfortune. His vessel bore out of sight with a favourable wind, and I remained awaiting his return by the breakers of that sea which was about to engulf him.

"He spent a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices towards his friend, and enjoying with keen delight the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked with Mr. Williams, the chosen and beloved sharer of his pleasures and of his fate, to return to us. We waited for them in vain; the sea, by its restless moaning, seemed to desire to inform us of what we would not learn:—but a veil may well be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of these moments transcended all the fictions that the most glowing imagination ever portrayed: our seclusion, the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and our immediate vicinity to the troubled sea, combined to imbue with strange sorrow our days of uncertainty. The truth was at last known,—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb, its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament; and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest love that each voice bestowed, and each countenance demonstrated, for him we had lost,—not, I fondly hope, for ever: his unearthly and elevated nature is a pledge of the continuation of his being, although in an altered form. Rome received his ashes: they are deposited beneath its weed-grown wall, and 'the world's sole monument' is enriched by his remains."

This volume, which contains a republication of his "*Alastor*," a collection of all his smaller poems which have been scattered through different periodical works, with the addition of several unpublished poems and fragments, and some translations from the Greek and modern languages, possesses exactly the same beauties and defects which characterize his published works—the same solemnity—the same obscurity—the same, or rather greater carelessness, and the same perfection of poetical expression. It is this last quality which will always give to Shelley an original and distinct character among the poets of the age; and in this, we have little hesitation in saying, that we consider him decidedly superior to them all. Every word he uses, even though the idea he labours to express be vague, or exaggerated, or unnatural, is intensely poetical. In no writer of the age is the distinction between poetry and prose so strongly marked: deprive his verses of the rhymes, and still the exquisite beauty of the language, the harmony of the pauses, the arrangement of the sentences, is perceptible. This is in itself a talent of no ordinary kind, perfectly separate in its nature, though generally found united with that vigour of imagination which is essential to a great poet, and in Mr. Shelley it overshadows even his powers of conception, which are unquestionably very great. It is by no means improbable, however, that this extreme anxiety to embody his ideas in language of a lofty and uncommon cast, may have contributed to that which is undoubtedly the besetting sin of his poetry, its extreme vagueness and obscurity, and its tendency to allegory and personification.

Hence it is in the vague, unearthly, and mysterious, that the peculiar power of his mind is displayed. Like the Goule in the Arabian Tales, he leaves the ordinary food of men, to banquet among the dead, and revels with a melancholy delight in the gloom of the churchyard and the cemetery. He is in poetry what Sir Thomas Browne is in prose, perpetually hovering on the confines of the grave, prying with a terrible curiosity into the secrets of

mortality, and speculating with painful earnestness on every thing that disgusts or appals mankind.

But when, abandoning these darker themes, he yields himself to the description of the softer emotions of the heart, and the more smiling scenes of Nature, we know no poet who has felt more intensely, or described with more glowing colours the enthusiasm of love and liberty, or the varied aspects of Nature. His descriptions have a force and clearness of painting which are quite admirable; and his imagery, which he accumulates and pours forth with the prodigality of genius, is, in general, equally appropriate and original.

By far the greater number of the pieces which the present volume contains are fragments, some of them in a very unfinished state indeed; and though we approve the feeling which led the friends of Mr. Shelley to collect them all, we question whether a selection, from the more finished pieces, would not have been a more prudent measure, as far as his fame is concerned. It dissolves entirely the illusion which we wish to cherish as to the intuitive inspiration—the *estro* of poetry—to be thus admitted, as it were, into the workshop of Genius, and to see its materials confused and heaped together, before they have received their last touches from the hand of the poet, and been arranged in their proper order. And it is wonderful how much the effect of the finest poem depends on an attention to minutiae, and how much it may be injured by a harsh line, an imperfect or forced rhyme, a defective syllable, or, as is often the case here, an unfortunate [] occurring in the middle of a stanza. Others, however, are fortunately in a more finished state; and though even in these it is probable that much is wanting, which the last touches of the author would have given, we have no fear but that, imperfect as they are, they will bear us out in what we have said of the powers of the poet.

We should pity any one who could peruse the following affecting lines, entitled “Stanzas written in dejection, near Naples,” without the strongest sympathy for their unfortunate author.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and
bright,

Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft, like Soli-
tude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea weeds
strewn;

I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolv'd in star-show'rs,
thrown:

I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone

Arises from its measur'd motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share
in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor
leisure.

Others I see whom these surround,—
Smiling they live and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in ano-
ther measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care

Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last
monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,

The following lines also appear to us extremely beautiful, though, in order to preserve the full effect of the rhythm, they require some management in the reading.

Which my lost heart, too soon grown
old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament,—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy
in memory yet.

LINES.

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges,
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O, love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest [bier?
For your cradle, your home, and your

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave the naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

The following appear to us very much in the style of our old English lyric poets of the age of Charles I.

SONG.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home!

MUTABILITY.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempt and then flies:
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,

Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

—
Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone:
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my flowers be:
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for
me.

The longer poems, from which we have made no extracts, we think less interesting, though some of them, and particularly the *Triumph of Life*, an imitation of Petrarch's *Trionfi*, are written with very peculiar power and originality. Some translations are also included in this volume, of which the *Scenes from Goethe's Faust*, and Calderon's "*Magico Prodigioso*," are the most interesting.

ALBUFERA (LOUIS GABRIEL SUCHET, DUKE OF).

(From a late English work.)

NONE of the French generals have been more active or more successful than the duke of Albufera. He was born at Lyons in 1772, and is the son of a silk manufacturer. After having received a good education, he entered into the army as a volunteer, at the age of twenty. His first military exploit was at Toulon, where he was an officer in the battalion by which general O'Hara was taken prisoner. Being next sent to Italy, he was present at nearly all the battles which were fought there, during the campaigns of 1794, 1795, 1796, and 1797, and was thrice wounded; once dangerously. In the last of these campaigns he was appointed chef-de-brigade on the field of battle, by Bonaparte. The following year he bore such a distinguished part in the campaign against the Swiss, that he was chosen to carry to Paris twenty-three standards,

which had been taken from the enemy. As a reward for his services he was made general of brigade; and he was on the point of sailing with the expedition to Egypt, when he was suddenly retained, to restore discipline and confidence to the army of Italy, which was completely disorganized. This difficult task he performed in the most effectual manner. Compelled to return hastily to France, in consequence of a quarrel with the Commissioners of the Directory, Suchet vindicated his conduct satisfactorily, and was sent to the army of the Danube, where he enhanced his reputation by his exertions in defending the country of the Grisons. Joubert, his friend, being entrusted with the command of the army of Italy, Suchet joined him as general of division, and chief of his staff; functions which he continued to perform, under Moreau and Championnet, after the death of Joubert. Such was his merit, that Massena, who succeeded Championnet, selected him to act as his second in command, and the talents which Suchet, on this occasion displayed, proved the wisdom of Massena's choice. At the head of a feeble division of not 7000 men, half naked, without magazines, and in a ruined country, he long held at bay five times the number of Austrian forces, under Melas, relinquished the Genoese territory only inch by inch, and at length retired unbroken behind the Var, where he set at defiance the enemy, saved the south of France from invasion, and facilitated the operations of the army of reserve, which was advancing from Dijon to cross the Alps.

The moment that, in consequence of the march of Bonaparte, the Austrians commenced their retreat, he followed their footsteps, harassed them incessantly, took 15,000 prisoners, and, by compelling Melas to weaken his army to oppose him, he powerfully contributed to the gaining of the battle of Marengo. In the short campaign subsequent to the armistice, he took 4000 prisoners at Pozzolo, and had a great share in all the battles which were fought. In 1803, he commanded a division at the camp of Boulogne. He was named a member of the Legion of Honour on the 11th of December, 1803, grand officer of that body in 1804, and governor of the imperial palace of Lacken in 1805. At Ulm, Hollabrunn, and Austerlitz in 1805; at Saalfeld and Jena in 1806; and at Pultusk in 1807; he was one of those who most contributed to fix victory to the French standards. Napoleon was not ungrateful. He rewarded him in 1806, with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and an endowment of 20,000 francs from the property of the order; and in 1808, he raised him to the dignity of a Count of the Empire. The king of Saxony also nominated him a commander of the military order of St. Henry. The military genius of Suchet was now called into action in another quarter, and with equal effect. He was sent to Spain, and was placed at the head of the army of Aragon. In 1809, he defeated Blake at Belchite; in 1810, he reduced Lerida, Mequinenza, Tortosa, Fort San Felipe, Monserrat, Tarragona, and Saguntum, routed O'Donnel at Margalef, and Blake before Saguntum, and formed the siege of Valencia, in which city

Blake was cooped up with his army. The fall of Valencia crowned the labours of this campaign, and earned for him the title of duke of Albufera, and the possession of the estate of that name. He had already, on the capture of Tarragona, received the marshal's staff. In 1813, the command of the united armies of Aragon and Catalonia was confided to him, and in spite of the disadvantages with which he now had to contend, he compelled Sir John Murray to raise the siege of Tarragona, and obtained other successes. In November, he was named colonel-general of the imperial guards, in the room of the duke of Istria. Notwithstanding the progress of lord Wellington in France, marshal Suchet still kept his ground in Catalonia, for the purpose of collecting the 18,000 men which garrisoned the fortresses, and also retarding the progress of the allies. While in this position he received official intelligence of the abdication of Napoleon, and he consequently acknowledged Louis XVIII. as his sovereign. Several honours were conferred on him by the new monarch, among which was his being named one of the peers of France. On the return of Napoleon, Suchet kept his troops faithful till Louis had quitted France; but true to his country, he accepted a command to repel the allies, who had again declared war. At the head of the army of the Alps, consisting of no more than 10,000 men, he beat the Piedmontese, and shortly after the Austrians; but the advance of the grand Austrian army, 100,000 strong, at length compelled him to fall back on Lyons, which city, however, he saved from plunder by an honourable capitulation, and with it artillery stores to the value of half a million sterling. On the same day that the capitulation was signed, he submitted once more to the king. He received the Grand Cross of the royal order of the Legion of Honour in 1816; and in 1819, his name was replaced on the list of peers.

FROM KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

THE STOLEN KISS.

Written in a Lady's Album by the late Abraham Gentian, Esq.

Smoo'n'd be that brow—and chas'd the frown
Yet gathering to thy tardy will—
Nor think to awe my raptures down,
For anger makes thee lovelier still.
In vain thou wouldst compel the ire
But lightly felt, but faintly shown;
Thine eyes betray beneath their fire
The pardon thou wouldst blush to own.
Then, still that proudly swelling breast,
Softened that lovely, mantling cheek;
'Twas but a Kiss, that well express'd
The tenderness I could not speak.

STANZAS.

It is not alone that time is stealing
 Our beauty and strength as our lives decay,
 It is that the pure and passionate feeling
 Of youth, with our youth must pass away;
 It is that the spoiler hath power to stifle
 Each emotion we felt in our earlier day;
 It is, that his rude hand is able to rifle
 The thoughts that exalt and ennoble our clay;
 It is that the best of our youthful affections
 Are fleet as the forms they are doting upon;
 These, these are the stern and appalling reflections
 That embitter our tears as our years roll on.

TO M—

Oh, ask me not how long thy gentle love
 Hath dwelt on me;
 I only know 'tis long enough to prove
 Thy constancy.
 I cannot pause to number months, or days,
 I know alone,
 If to be faithful be Love's highest praise,
 Thou wear'st the crown.
 Oh, thou hast loved me long enough to show
 Thou canst not range;
 And long enough to bid experience know
 How others change.
 Oh, long enough for the upbraiding thought,
 That ne'er till now,
 I prized thy love's rich treasure, as I ought,
 My all below.
 Yes, I have seen full many a dream depart
 With faithless speed;
 And some, who should have gently used my heart,
 Have made it bleed.
 And I have rued Affection's broken vow,
 And felt the chill
 Of Friendship's alter'd eye—but, dearest, thou
 Art faithful still.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW.

Some Account of the present state of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa. By THOMAS PRINGLE. 12mo. pp. 126.

ALTOGETHER the whole adventure and settlement appears to have been one of the crudest colonial projects of which we have ever either heard or read. The only thing about it deserving of commendation is the liberality of the aid given by Government,

but even that was not dispensed in the most judicious manner. In a word, the entire concern was too hastily got up; instead of being fostered into premature action, it should rather have been repressed until sufficient information was obtained to regulate the proceedings. At the same time we do not well see that it was easy for the Colonial Department to have acted otherwise than it did. Mr. Pringle states, as he says, on good authority, that "upwards of NINETY THOUSAND persons of all ranks, characters, and professions, besieged Earl Bathurst's office with their applications. The motley and ill assorted bands were collected and crowded on board a fleet of transports provided (and certainly well fitted out) by Government; and after a favourable voyage and a fortunate debarkation at Algoa bay, they proceeded in long trains or caravans of bullock-wagons towards their land of promise."

The aspect of the Zaurfeld, i. e. Sourfield, on which they were located, was calculated, like the summer sea of the fable, that enticed the shepherd boy to become a sailor, to cherish the enthusiasm of their frenzy. They beheld on all sides verdant plains and bowery groves, and over them a serene sky. "They pitched their tents under the shade of fragrant acacias and groves of the gorgeous blossomed Caffer boom," and parties of *ladies and gentlemen* were seen searching in the jungles for apricots and oranges, which they "expected to find growing wild in the woods like hips and haws in England."

Every thing around was sunny and smiling, and it seems to have never occurred to them that all this was but the scene of a summer's day. The signs of the climate were unremarked: the yawning gaps and ravines which the irresistible torrents of the rainy season had ploughed into so many monitors of the times that awaited them, were only contemplated as picturesque appendages to the general beauty of the landscapes. To have examined the soil, and to have seen that it was overrun by myriads of moles and mice, that "the herbage was almost universally of the description called sour, that" except under the woods "the soil" was "generally meagre," "and of a kind that would require great assistance from manure to render it permanently productive," were things in these halcyon days deemed undeserving of any consideration, but it might have been thought that even the sylvans of the apricots and oranges would have felt some anxiety when thirst directed their attention "to the entire want of fresh water in some places, and the precariousness or brackish quality of many of the brooks and fountains, together with the impracticable character of the river banks." But they were infatuated, and one and all seem to have acted as if the gossips' prayer was realized to them, and that they were come to enjoy

"A summer day of indolence and mirth."

Their minds were obviously filled with images of the indulgence

of southern Europe. Their cottages were constructed of materials as flimsy as their fancies, and adorned with a gaiety as flattering as their hopes, "neatly smoothed over and whitewashed, and embellished in front by the trim garden plot and wattled fence, these cabins often looked extremely handsome and picturesque, as one came suddenly in sight of them peeping out from the skirts of the ancient forest, or embowered in some romantic wood or ever-green shrubbery." But their time unluckily was at hand—a storm and deluge swept away all these paradisiacal mansions; rains poured upon them with all the vengeance of the tropics. The romantic dells, and trickling waterfalls that embellished the views from their pretty parlour windows were changed into furious torrents and raging cataracts. The earth, which had been parched with drought, "had its fill, and could retain no more." "Not only the streams were rolling in torrents, but the whole country was covered with fresh ones."

"My sheep," says one of the emigrants in a letter to a friend, "were dying in numbers, and my corn land, which you know is situated very high, had a stream running over it sufficient to turn a mill." This was the state of things on Sunday. "On Monday it again altered to a thick fog, and then rain; and at sunset it began to thunder and lighten, and continued with scarcely the least intermission throughout the night, awful in the extreme. The stream in front of my house rose twelve feet, and in one place was one hundred and forty feet broad, carrying every thing before it: the embankment was levelled to the ground, and the garden and fruit-trees washed away. The potatoes in the fields and garden were furrowed up and washed off; and as the torrent has abated, we find them hanging here and there on the bushes, five feet high."

There is a still more disastrous picture of the misfortunes of another settler's family:

"This house was at the foot of a little wood, through which a path has been cleared, and this circumstance was the cause of its ruin, by the rain water accumulating from the higher grounds, and rushing in a torrent through this channel upon the cottage. The family had just retired to bed, about nine o'clock, when the deluge gushed in through the back window, and in an instant filled the room. An infant which was sleeping in a little cot floated with it towards them, and they expected in a few minutes to be overwhelmed with the waters, when luckily the front wall gave way, and they made their escape through the breach. They lay for the remainder of the night in the wood, with only the shelter of a wet blanket which they found amidst the ruins, momentarily expecting destruction from the elements, or from the falling of trees around them."

Can it be questioned that such calamities would have overtaken these unfortunate persons had their expedition been conceived upon any rational plan: or would their ruin have been now so general and immediate, had their settlement been regulated by any thing like system. This ill-fated colony has been singularly and absurdly distinguished.

FROM KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MY FIRST FOLLY.

[At the age of seventeen.]

IN all the pride and condescension of an inmate of Grosvenor Square, I looked upon Lady Motley's 'At Home.' "Yes," I said, flinging away the card with a tragedy twist of the fingers,—“yes: I will be there. For one evening I will encounter the tedium and the taste of a village ball. For one evening I will doom myself to figures that are out of date, and fiddles that are out of tune; dowagers who make embroidery by wholesale, and demoiselles who make conquests by profession: for one evening I will endure the inquiries about Almack's and St. Paul's, the tales of the weddings that have been and the weddings that are to be, the round of curtsies in the ball-room and the round of beef at the supper-table: for one evening I will not complain of the everlasting hostess and the everlasting Boulanger, of the double duty and the double bass, of the great heiress, and the great plum-pudding;

“Come on, come all,
Come dance in Sir Roger's great hall.”

And thus, by dint of civility, indolence, quotation, and antithesis, I bent up each corporal agent to the terrible feat, and ‘would have the honour of waiting upon her ladyship,’—in due form.

I went: turned my uncle's one-horse chaise into the long old avenue about an hour after the time specified, and perceived by the lights flashing from all the windows, and the crash of chairs and carriages returning from the door, that the room was most punctually full, and the performers most pastorally impatient. The first face I encountered on my entrance was that of my old friend Villars; I was delighted to meet him, and expressed my astonishment at finding him in a situation for which his inclination, one would have supposed, was so little adapted.

“By Mercury,” he exclaimed, “I am metamorphosed, fairly metamorphosed, my good Vyvyan; I have been detained here three months by a fall from Sir Peter, and have amused myself most indefatigably by humming tunes and reading newspapers, winding silk, and guessing conundrums. I have made myself the admiration, the adoration, the very worship of all the coteries in the place; am reckoned very clever at cross purposes, and very apt at ‘what's my thought like!’ The ‘squires have discovered I can carve, and the matrons hold me indispensable at loo. Come! I am of little service to-night, but my popularity may be of use to you: you don't know a soul!—I thought so;—read it in your face the moment you came in,—never saw such a—there, Vyvyan, look there! I will introduce you.” And so saying my companion half limped, half danced with me up to Miss Amelia Mesnil, and presented me in due form.

When I look back to any particular scene of my existence, I can never keep the stage clear of second-rate characters. I never think

of Mr. Kean's Othello without an intrusive reflection upon the subject of Mr. Cooper's Cassio; I never call to mind a gorgeous scattering forth of roses from Mr. Canning, without a painful idea of some coteremporary effusion of poppies from Mr. Hume. And thus, beautiful Margaret, it is in vain that I endeavour to separate your fascination from the group which was collected around you. Perhaps that dominion, which at this moment I feel almost revived, recurs more vividly to my imagination, when the forms and figures of all by whom it was contested are associated in its renewal.

First comes Amelia the magnificent, the acknowledged belle of the county, very stiff and very dumb in her unheeded and uncontested supremacy; and next, the most black-browed of foxhunters, Augusta, enumerating the names of her father's stud, and dancing as if she imitated them: and then the most accomplished Jane, vowing that for the last month she had endured immense *ennui*, that she thinks Lady Olivia prodigiously *fade*, that her cousin Sophy is quite *brillante* to-night, and that Mr. Peters plays the violin à *merveille*.

"I am bored, my dear Villars,—positively bored! the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three or four people, and was moving off. As I passed to the door, I met two ladies in conversation; "Don't you dance any more, Margaret?" said one. "Oh no," replied the other, "I am bored, my dear Louisa,—positively bored; the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the look of a ten years' acquaintance and commenced parley. "Surely you are not going away yet; you have not danced with me, Margaret; it is impossible you can be so cruel!" The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity. "She would allow me the honour,—but I was very late;—really I had not deserved it;"—and so we stood up together.

"Are you not very impertinent?"

"Very; but you are very handsome. Nay: you are not to be angry; it was a fair challenge, and fairly received."

"And you will not even ask my pardon?"

"No! it is out of my way! I never do those things; it would embarrass me beyond measure. Pray let us accomplish an introduction: not altogether an usual one; but that matters little. Vy-vyan Joyeuse—rather impertinent, and very fortunate—at your service."

"Margaret Orleans,—very handsome, and rather foolish,—at your service!"

Margaret danced like an angel. I knew she would. I could not conceive by what blindness I had passed four hours without being

struck. We talked of all things that are, and a few beside. She was something of a botanist, so we began with flowers; a digression upon China roses carried us to China—the Mandarins with little brains, and the ladies with little feet—the Emperor—the Orphan of China—Voltaire—Zayre—criticism—Dr. Johnson—the great bear—the system of Copernicus—stars—ribbons—garters—the order of the Bath—Sea bathing—Dawlish—Sidmouth—Lord Sidmouth—Cicero—Rome—Italy—Alfieri—Metastasio—fountains—groves—gardens—and so, as the dancing concluded, we contrived to end as we began, with Margaret Orleans and botany.

Margaret talked well on all subjects, and wittily on many. I had expected to find nothing but a romping girl, somewhat amusing, and very vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first five minutes, and out of my senses in the next. She left the room very early, and I drove home, more astonished than I had been for many years.

Several weeks passed away, and I was about to leave England, to join my sisters on the Continent. I determined to look once more on that enslaving smile, whose recollection had haunted me more than once. I had ascertained that she resided with an old lady who took two pupils, and taught French and Italian, and music and manners, at an establishment called Vine House. Two days before I left the country, I had been till a late hour shooting at a mark with a duelling pistol, an entertainment, of which, perhaps from a lurking presentiment, I was very fond. I was returning alone when I perceived, by the light of an enormous lamp, a board by the way side bearing the welcome inscription, "Vine House." "Enough," I exclaimed, "enough! one more scene before the curtain drops,—Romeo and Juliet by lamplight!"—I roamed about the dwelling-place of all I held dear, till I saw a figure at one of the windows in the back of the house, which it was quite impossible to doubt. I leaned against a tree in a sentimental position, and began to chant my own rhymes thus:—

"Pretty coquette, the ceaseless play
Of thine unstudied wit,
And thy dark eye's remember'd ray
By buoyant fancy lit,
And thy young forehead's clear expanse,
Where the locks slept, as through the dance,
Dreamlike, I saw thee flit,
Are far too warm, and far too fair,
To mix with aught of earthly care,
But the vision shall come when my day is done,
A frail, and a fair, and a fleeting one!
And if the many boldly gaze
On that bright brow of thine,
And if thine eye's undying rays
On countless coxcombs shine,
And if thy wit flings out its mirth,
Which echoes more of air than earth,
For other ears than mine,
I heed not this, ye are fickle things,
And I like your very wanderings;

My First Folly.

I gaze, and if thousands share the bliss,
 Pretty capricious! I heed not this.
 In sooth, I am a wayward youth,
 As fickle as the sea,
 And very apt to speak the truth,
 Unpleasing though it be;
 I am no lover, yet, as long
 As I have heart for jest or song,
 An image, sweet, of thee,
 Locked in my heart's remotest treasures,
 Shall ever be one of its hoarded pleasures;
 This from the scoffer thou hast won,
 And more than this he gives to none."

"Are they your own verses?" said my idol at the window."

"They are yours, Margaret! I was only the versifier; you were the muse herself."

"The muse herself is obliged to you. And now what is your errand? for it grows late, and you must be sensible—no, that you never will be—but you must be aware, that this is very indecorous."

"I am come to see you, dear Margaret;—which I cannot without candles;—to see you, and to tell you, that it is impossible I can forget—"

"Bless me! what a memory you have. But you must take another opportunity for your tale! for—"

"Alas! I leave England immediately!"

"A pleasant voyage to you! there, not a word more; I must run down to coffee."

"Now may I never laugh more," I said, "if I am baffled thus;" so I strolled back to the front of the house and proceeded to reconnoitre. A bay-window was half open, and in a small neat drawing-room I perceived a group assembled:—an old lady, with a high muslin cap and red ribbons, was pouring out the coffee;—her nephew, a tall awkward young gentleman, sitting on one chair and resting his legs on another, was occupied in the study of Sir Charles Grandison:—and my fair Margaret was leaning on a sofa, and laughing immoderately.—"Indeed, Miss," said the matron, "you should learn to govern your mirth; people will think you came out of Bedlam."

I lifted the window gently, and crept into the room. "Bedlam, madam!" quoth I, "I bring intelligence from Bedlam, I arrived last week."

The tall awkward young gentleman stared: and the aunt half said, half shrieked,—"What in the name of wonder are you?"

"Mad, madam! very particularly mad! mad as a hare in March, or a Cheapside blood on Sunday morning. Look at me! do I not foam? listen to me! do I not rave?—Coffee, my dear madam, coffee; there is no animal so thirsty as your madman in the dog-days."

"Eh! really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman.

"My good sir," I began;—but my original insanity began to fail me, and I drew forthwith upon Ossian's,—"Fly! receive the

wind and fly; the blasts are in the hollow of my hand, the course of the storm is mine!"

"Eh! really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman.

"I look on the nations and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death: I come abroad on the winds; the tempest is before my face; but my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant."

"Do you mean to insult us?" said the old lady.

"Ay! do you mean to insult my aunt?—really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman.

"I shall call in my servants," said the old lady.

"I am the humblest of them," said I, bowing.

"I shall teach you a different tune," said the tall awkward young gentleman, "really!"

"Very well, my dear sir; my instrument is the barrel organ;" and I cocked my sweet little pocket companion in his face, "Vanish, little Kastil; for by Hannibal, Heliogabalus, and Holophernes, time is valuable; madness is precipitate, and hair-triggers are the word: vanish!"

"Eh! really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman, and performed an entrechat which carried him to the door: the old lady had disappeared at the first note of the barrel organ. I locked the door, and found Margaret in a paroxysm of laughter. "I wish you had shot him," she said, when she recovered, "I wish you had shot him: he is a sad fool."

"Do not talk of him; I am speaking to you, beautiful Margaret, possibly for the last time! Will you ever think of me? perhaps you will. But let me receive from you some token that I may dote upon in other years; something that may be a hope to me in my happiness, and a consolation in calamity. Something—nay! I never could talk romance; but give me one lock of your hair, and I will leave England with resignation."

"You have earned it like a true knight," said Margaret; and she severed from her head a long glossy ringlet. "Look," she continued, "you must to horse, the country has risen for your apprehension." I turned towards the window. The country had indeed risen. Nothing was to be seen but gossoons in the van, and gossips in the rear, red faces and white jackets, gallants in smock frocks, and gay damsels in gingham. Bludgeons were waving, and torches were flashing, as far as the gaze could reach. All the chivalry of the place was arming and chafing, and loading for a volley of pebbles and oaths together.

I kneeled down and kissed her hand. It was the happiest moment of my life! "Now," said I, "au revoir, my sweet Margaret," and in a moment I was in the lane.

This was my first folly. I looked at the lock of hair often, but I never saw Margaret again. She has become the wife of a young clergyman, and resides with him on a small living in Staffordshire. I believe she is very happy, and I have forgotten the colour of her eyes.

V. J.

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MY FIRST SERMON.

NEARLY five and twenty years have elapsed since I first mounted the pulpit of —. The occurrences of that day are deeply engraven on my mind. It was a delightful morning in June, and the eighth of the month. The sun shone forth in all its brilliancy and splendour. There was scarcely sufficient breeze to agitate the trees of my father's small garden. The small birds chirped on the bushes, as if rejoicing in the general harmony; and there was a calmness, and stillness, and quiet repose, which is only felt and perceived on a Sabbath morning. All nature, on that morning of rest, seemed to participate in the cessation from labour, and to breathe a purer air. When I first looked abroad from my chamber, my anxious spirit was refreshed by the beauty and quietness of general nature. No one of the lords of creation was to be seen abroad, and the dumb animals lay stretched at their ease in the green fields and sunny braes. The little burn rippled down, and sparkled in the glances of the sun-beam; and the only sounds that were heard were the gurgling of the waters, and the sweet chirpings of the birds, and the hummings of bees. The scene that presented itself to my view was one of no common beauty. It was familiar to my earliest impressions, and the sight of it, on this morning of my first public ministrations, awakened recollections that were deeply seated, and almost overwhelming. It was here that I had spent the early days of innocence and childhood. Every tree and stone were connected with some association of history or of feeling; and the impressions of youth, which are always indelible, came rushing on my mind with irresistible force. I had spent a lively and happy childhood in these sylvan scenes, under the superintendence and tuition of a fond and affectionate father, who still lived to witness the fruits of his fostering care. In the joyousness of youth, I had become the familiar favourite of every cottager around us. I strolled on the hills, fished in the streams, and sought bird's nests in the woods, with the youngest of my own sex; and I courted and danced with the woodland beauties of the other. In short, I entered into all the simple concerns of these simple rustics, and I was then as much impressed as they were themselves with their interest and importance. The minister of a parish in Scotland, at that time, did not occupy a station which, in point of wealth, could entitle him to put himself above the sphere of the humblest cottager. Enjoying, as my father did, the respect and attachment of all his flock, he was at the same time admitted more as an equal than as a superior; and the minister's son was not treated with more respect. From the indulgent course of studies which my father had prescribed, I was sent to college, and to severer masters, in the town of —, where I remained for ten years, without having visited my native village. I went through my trials and public examinations with what my friends were

pleased to term considerable *éclat*, and I had been licensed to preach at the neighbouring Presbytery, before I made my appearance at the manse. I came home the night before, and was to begin my public ministry by preaching my first sermon in my father's pulpit.

What a change was here effected in a few years! From the wild, regardless youngster, I had become the staid, sober, religious instructor. Instead of associating familiarly, and entering heartily into their little schemes of adventure and of mirth, I was to address them and rule them in the character of teacher and master. After a sleepless night, I was indulging in these reflections, which partook as much of a melancholy as a pleasurable colouring, when I was reminded by my father that the religious duties of the morning were about to be performed. These were gone through with that piety and peace which are exclusively the characteristics of God's people. When seated at the breakfast-table, I could perceive the varied aspect and demeanour of the domestic circle; my mother was pale and agitated, and I saw her tremble as she handed me the cup. My lovely sister was flushed with hope, and anxiety, and pride, and joy,—and my father, as if striving with similar feelings, or as if wishing to impress me with a dignity and seriousness of my duties, was more than ordinarily grave and austere. I was struck also with the peculiar expression of our old servant John's countenance, as he occasionally came into the room. He had known me from my infancy, and it was but as yesterday that he had seen me a “hafflins callan,” running wild about the braes. There was an odd mixture of mirth and melancholy, a repressed smile, and an assumed gravity, which, if I had been in other mood, or in other circumstances, would have afforded me some pleasure to analyse. But notwithstanding every effort, I could not free myself from something like a feeling of anxiety or apprehension. I succeeded, however, in bringing myself into a state of calmness and self-command; and after conning over my sermon for the sixtieth time, I took the road to the church. My spirits were cool, and though I felt a slight tremor in my frame, I was firm and collected. I was accompanied by my good old father. The neighbouring roads were crowded with people cleanly and decently dressed, proceeding on their way to church, to hear their former companion deliver his maiden sermon, and there was something extremely interesting in the sight of people gathering from all parts of the country to the house of God. It is here that the powerful influence of religion is felt much more universally, and is displayed much more unequivocally, than in the artificial societies of towns or cities. The glens, and hills, and dales, speak in the native language of religion, and their inhabitants yield to the divine influence which is impressed upon every thing around them, and lead their views from “Nature's works to Nature's God.” Their contemplation is not obscured, or their attention distracted, by the forms of art or the distortions of fashion; and they join in the simple worship of their forefathers with a simplicity and singleness of heart which is not to

be found amidst the refined and artificial votaries of fashion and folly. On my entering the church, I saw many faces of old acquaintances, whose eyes were directed towards me with friendly and anxious interest; and when I entered the pulpit along with their own revered and ancient Pastor, I could easily perceive emotions of pride and exultation mantling their homely but kind countenances. My father's prayer was extremely affecting. He besought a blessing on our present meeting, and he prayed earnestly and pathetically for strength and understanding to the speaker who was to address them in the holy character of His Messenger. I was nearly overcome, and I rose to commence my labours with some degree of trepidation. The church was hushed, the most profound silence prevailed, and all eyes were intensely and earnestly fixed upon the pulpit. I was calmed by this universal acquiescence—I experienced the indescribable influence of an attentive audience, and I felt all my energies roused. My text was that most beautiful verse in Ecclesiastes, and which I never repeat but with a thrill of delight, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." I cannot speak of the merits of the sermon. In these my riper days, it appears, upon cooler consideration, to have been too flowery and poetical—too much regard being paid to the language and the periods, and too little to the substance and the sense. Like the greater part of *young* preachers' sermons, it sacrificed too much to the graces of oratory, and could suffer, with much probable advantage, to be pruned and weeded. I have the sermon yet beside me, and, on perusing it yesterday, for the first time these twenty years, I felt my cheek burn, and my pulse beat quick, at the thought of having once coolly and warmly applauded the prurient and extravagant effusion. Let no one talk to a young man of the importance and seriousness of his pastoral duties, or of the necessity of being plain and practical in his weekly addresses to his fellow-men. There never was a young preacher who did not look upon the pulpit merely as a place adapted for the display of his talents. He views it as the public arena, where he enjoys the only opportunity afforded to his profession of putting forth his strength and mind, and exhibiting his powers of oratory; and it runs counter to the laws of Nature, to expect that he will repress these powers, or sacrifice this opportunity of showing them, for the bare performance of his cold and abstract duty. The mistake is, that he looks upon his duties as too much of a profession. I feel ashamed *now*, of the exuberant ornaments of this my first Discourse, but *then* I felt satisfied and proud of them. At some of these artificial pauses, I thought I perceived a slight movement of applause amongst my homely friends, and I was gratified with the supposed force of my preaching. I was excited to still greater exertions, and was delivering, with increased energy, one of my most laboured passages, when I was suddenly laid hold of by my arm, which was extended, to add force to my exhortations. My father, assuming my place in the

pulpit, addressed the audience, "My friends, our young friend John seems to ha'e forgot where he is, and who he is speaking to. We are not in a theatre, nor are we come here to listen to theatrical airs. He is young, and will learn—ay, and he maun learn before he again preaches here. We are ower auld to be led away by sound, in place of sense, and we are engaged in too important a work to be diverted from the execution of it by mere poetry and noise." I learnt a lesson from this severe rebuke, of which I was the better all the rest of my days, and I never again offended the ears or hearts of my unsophisticated congregation, by theatrical airs, or theatrical composition. It was not long ere I recovered my character with my father, and the most sober-minded of his congregation, and I was soon set down as being one of the soundest and plainest preachers in that neighbourhood.

With the increased experience of a long life, and varied observation, I have become more and more convinced, that the more nearly a preacher approaches to simplicity in his sermons, the more nearly does he approximate to that standard of excellence held out to us in the Holy Scriptures. It is very evident, that religion, in all its views, and in all its bearings, embraces elements of thought, capable of engaging the most powerful energies of the most gigantic mind and extensive imagination. But it ought never to be forgot, that the world does not wholly consist of philophers or of poets, and that, on the contrary, the great majority are humble, sober-minded followers of the Cross, who have an equally important interest at stake in the discussion of this most important of all subjects. It is to them chiefly that the preacher ought to address himself, and in doing so, he ought to choose the simplest method and the plainest language. It is unquestionable, too, that in this way he will reach the bosom of the learned in a much more effectual manner than by imitating them in their scholastic and metaphysical disquisitions. But this is too important a point to be entered upon at present. With your permission, I shall resume the subject at some future period, and I shall then take an opportunity of suggesting a few hints to young preachers, both as to the composition and delivery of their sermons. M.

TO —, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

FORGIVE me, if my melancholy lay
Seem little suited to thine hour of mirth.
To me, the light that beam'd upon thy birth
Is holier than the light of common day;
And with more solemn earnestness I pray,
That when thou feel'st, as thou hast felt, the dearth
Of all this weary wilderness of earth,
Still Hope may cheer thy unrepining way;
And smiling show beyond the desert sand
The distant verdure of a happier land.
A few more years of mingled smiles and sighs;
A few more drops to earthly sorrow given;
And thou beyond this vale of grief wilt rise,
And be an angel in a tearless heaven.

ARTOIS (CHARLES PHILIP COUNT D': OTHERWISE MONSIEUR.)

(From a late English Work.)

THE present king is the brother of Louis XVIII. He was born Oct. 9, 1757. He married Maria Theresa of Savoy, younger sister of his brother's wife, who was then Monsieur Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII. That marriage took place in 1773. Madame died in 1805, in England, as did her sister in 1811. This union produced three children, a daughter who died young, and two sons, the Duc d'Angouleme, and the Duc de Befry. In his youth he was gay, amiable and extravagant. He was also a protector of men of letters, and particularly of the Abbe Delille, who celebrated him in different passages of his poems. In 1778 he had a duel with the Duc de Bourbon, on account of having affronted the duchess at a masquerade. In 1782, those two princes went together to see Gibraltar bombarded by the fleets of France and Spain; but to their great disappointment, General Elliot set fire to the combined squadrons in their presence, and that of vast numbers of French and Spanish nobility and grandees, who had come to witness the fall of that famous fortress. From the beginning of the revolution the Count d'Artois distinguished himself as the declared enemy of any change in the system of government, or diminution of the power of the king. He was not only adverse to any plan for the remedying of abuses, but also an advocate for leaving undiminished that power by which they existed. When the revolution broke out, and the Bastille was taken, the count emigrated with his consort and two sons. He was told by the Duke de Liancourt that a price was set on his head, which, although not correct, produced the effect which was intended. After remaining at Turin to meet his father-in-law for some time, he went to Mantua, with Leopold, which interview was the prelude to the congress at Pilnitz with the emperor and king of Prussia, when the famous treaty was entered into that gave rise to the war with France. It is not necessary to the biography of an individual, to relate transactions that are recorded in the general history of Europe, but the Prince de Broglio and the Condé family having also left their native country, the countenance afforded by foreign courts to these nobles, gave rise to that general emigration which took place; and Monsieur, the present king, having joined his brother, in 1791, they prepared to assist in invading France, and established their head quarters at Coblenz. The bad success of that attempt is well known; and, after its failure, the two brothers went to Ham in Westphalia, from whence the Count d'Artois repaired to Petersburg, to endeavour to interest the Empress Catharine in the league against France. He was received by her imperial majesty with great ceremony, and many hopes were held out, but the mission produced no real effect. In 1794, when all immediate hopes of success were over, he quitted the army of the Rhine and came to England; but pre-

vious to this his Royal Highness sent his diamonds, and whatever he had of value, to the Duke de Broglie to be sold, in order to relieve the most necessitous of the emigrants. He afterwards sailed to the Coast of France in 1795, for the purpose of joining the royalists, but returned without attempting to land. As this prince had many debts, and to an immense amount, he was in danger of being arrested, in England; he, therefore, by the permission of government, went to reside at the Palace of Holy-wood house, at Edinburgh, which is a privileged place, and where he remained till 1799, when a bill having passed in Parliament to prevent aliens from being arrested for obligations contracted abroad, he remained in London, or at Hartwell with his brother till 1813, when the fall of Bonaparte becoming probable, he returned to the continent. His Royal Highness entered France in February, 1814, without being recognised by the allies, on which he retired until Paris was occupied by the foreign armies. On his way to the capital he met with all those flattering salutations which attend those who succeed or are about to succeed, which may be considered as matters of course. He received all the deputations that waited on him with polite condescension, and his deportment was well calculated to gain the affections of those who approached his person. He entered Paris on the 12th of April, previously to which the restoration of his family had been determined upon, and conformably to the policy of the allies, who wished not to appear to govern France even for a day, he took up his residence in the palace of the Thuilleries, and, as Lieutenant-general of the kingdom, acted for his brother who was invited over from England. His Royal Highness certainly showed a strong disposition to ameliorate the situation of the people, and granted them several advantages which were revoked when his brother came to the throne. When the king arrived in the month of May, he named Monsieur colonel-general of the National Guards. Soon after this, his Royal Highness was attacked with a serious illness, which confined him for a month to his bed, and when he recovered, he went to the southern provinces of France, where his condescending manners contributed not a little to make the return of his family agreeable to the inhabitants. When Bonaparte landed from Elba, Monsieur left Paris to try and oppose his progress at Lyons; but he there found that he was very unequal to the task. The troops he had collected or brought with him deserted, and after many useless efforts, he returned to the capital, followed by one single officer of cavalry. Monsieur followed his majesty to Ghent, where he remained till after the battle of Waterloo, and then returned with the king to the capital.

Since the second restoration his Royal Highness has publicly conducted himself with the greatest propriety, but the returned emigrants, known by the name of Ultra Royalists, give out publicly that he favours their absurd projects and ridiculous pretensions.

SONG.

Lord Roland rose, and went to mass,
 And doffed his mourning weed;
 And bade them bring a looking-glass,
 And saddle fast a steed;
 "I'll deck with gems my bonnet's loop,
 And wear a feather fine;
 And when lorn lovers sit and droop,
 Why, I will sit and dine;
 Sing merrily, sing merrily!
 And fill the cup of wine.

"Though Elgitha be thus untrue,
 Adele is beauteous yet;
 And he that's baffled by the blue
 May bow before the jet;
 So welcome, welcome, hall or heath!
 So welcome, shower or shine!
 And wither there thou willow wreath,
 Thou never shalt be mine;—
 Sing merrily, sing merrily!
 And fill the cup of wine.

"Proud Elgitha, a health to thee,
 A health in brimming gold,
 And store of lovers after me,
 As honest, and less cold;
 My hand is on my bugle horn,
 My boat is on the brine;
 If ever gallant died of scorn,
 I shall not die of thine;
 Sing merrily, sing merrily!
 And fill the cup of wine."

ENIGMA.

SIR Hilary charged at Agincourt,
 Sooth! 'twas an awful day?
 And though, in that old age of sport,
 The rufflers of the camp and court
 Had little time to pray,
 'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
 Two syllables by way of prayer.
 My first to all the brave and proud
 Who see to-morrow's sun;
 My next, with her cold and quiet cloud,
 To those who find their dewy shroud,
 Before to-day's be done!
 And both together to all blue eyes
 That weep when a warrior nobly dies?